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TO LHASA, THE FORBIDDEN

The Start and the Turning Back of the Expedition to Tibet's Sacred City

Gallery of Abbots in the Monastery at Gyangtse.

By Dr. WILLIAM MONTGOMERY McGOVERN, Ph. D.

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FOR many years Tibet has been the mysterious unknown country and Lhasa, its capital, the Forbidden City of the Buddhas, into which entrance by adventurous explorers has been sought in vain.

Both nature and the inhabitants have cooperated to make entry into the country well-nigh impossible. A huge tableland, whose average height is between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above sea level, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, it is surrounded and intersected by even greater mountains, many of them over 20,000 feet high, shrouded in perpetual ice and snow.

Although Tibet lies between the two fertile countries of India and China, so bleak and so cold is it that nearly the whole land is a desert devoid of trees and plants, producing only patches of sparse grass which serve to support the deer, the wild ass, the yak and herds of cattle and sheep. Barley, a hardy plant, is the one cereal grown, and even this flourishes only in the milder parts.

Scattered over this huge territory are groups of natives fiercely jealous of every intruder. Many of them are nomads, moving here and there with their flocks. A few form communities dwelling in settled villages. Nearer the larger towns, perched on high hills or precipitous cliffs, are to be found gigantic stone castles of quaint Old World design which frown upon the countryside. On their walls there are always watchmen who scan the horizon to see that no alien comes within their sphere.

Almost as numerous as the villages and castles are the monasteries, for Tibet is the country of monks. One man out of every four is a priest, and such persons dwell together in vast buildings placed far away from other human habitations. But such institutions instead of being havens of peace are the centres of turmoil. Many of their inhabitants become what are known as fighting monks and spend their time in brawling.

Wild, reckless men they are. Sometimes one monastery will wage war against another, and sometimes these ecclesiastical swashbucklers will pour into the towns, seize and hack to pieces some unpopular Governor. The monasteries, having hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of inhabitants, overawe the districts in which they are placed.

It is the monks who are fiercest in hatred of outsiders. It is they who present the greatest danger to the would-be explorer of the inhabited portion of Tibet, for in their foreign-hating zeal they ignore any safe conduct which might be granted by the civil authorities to a stranger.

In the very heart of this gloomy land is the sacred city of Lhasa. Here lives the incarnate god, the Dalai Lama, who is both the Emperor and the High Priest of his people. In his magnificent palace, the Potala, he dwells on public occasions, surrounded with all the pomp that befits a living deity, and receives in audience the pilgrims who come from every part of Tibet to bring rich offerings and to adore.

He who would seek to penetrate into Lhasa must first overcome the tremendous physical difficulties which bar the way to the threshold of Tibet, and even if he rise victorious over ice and snow, gnarled crag and precipitous cliff, he finds upon arrival on the plateau an angry populace which bars the way and insists, under pain of death, on an immediate return.

In the old days various well-known explorers tried by means of devious routes and various disguises to escape being turned back at the frontier, and succeeded, indeed, in passing far into the interior, only to find that sooner or later they were detected before reaching Lhasa, the "abode of the gods."

The Younghusband military expedition of 1904 succeeded in temporarily opening a door into Tibet, but, before serious scientific work could be organized, the approach of Winter forced the expedition to return, and the torchlight which illuminated for a moment the Tibetan darkness was extinguished. Tibet once more became the Hidden Land, and Lhasa the Forbidden City.

To the geographer, the geologist, the anthropologist, the explorer, the adventurer, Tibet still presents a fascinating field of research. It was as an Orientalist and as an anthropologist that I became interested in Tibet. As an Orientalist I longed to seek out the lost and half-forgotten manuscripts hidden away in the old Tibetan temples which would throw a new light on the cultural history of the East. As an anthropologist who had already studied other peoples of Asia I became fascinated by the Tibetan folk, with their customs, their language, their religion, and their Government, all of which are in many ways unique.

In bygone years I had devoted much time to a theoretical study of the Tibetan language and customs, in the hope that this would the better enable me to carry on exploration at first hand. But it was my privilege to utilize this stored-up knowledge and to continue my studies under very peculiar conditions. Circumstances forced me to cross the 18,000-foot pass into Tibet in midwinter, a time when it was blocked with snow and supposedly closed to all travelers, even natives. Arrived in Tibet, I was required to disguise myself as a Tibetan coolie and to travel as such through the heart of the country. During the latter part of this secret journey the Tibetan Government learned of my escapade and ordered a sharp watch to be kept for me at all the villages. The caravan with which I was traveling in the humble capacity of servant was several times stopped and examined without my being discovered.

Having by luck arrived at last in Lhasa, I was foolish enough to reveal myself voluntarily to the authorities, with the result that the Lhasa monks led a popular riot against me; and the Civil Government in an attempt to protect my person was forced to declare me a prisoner of state until the popular clamor had subsided.

After a six weeks' stay in Lhasa I was permitted to return to India, an escort being given me in order to insure my safety. In this way my adventure came to an end, but in the meantime I had been able to secure numerous priceless manuscripts, had met or seen all the principal persons in the sacred city, and had had unequaled opportunities for studying the inner life of the Tibetan people and the working of their institutions. Finally, I had been able to obtain a permanent record of life and conditions in Lhasa itself by means of a cinematograph camera secreted in my

THIS is the first of eight instalments of Dr. McGovern's narrative of his journey to Lhasa. The first white man to reach the Forbidden City of Tibet since 1904, was born in the United States of an Irish father and an American mother, and is a British subject. He studied in Japan and was admitted to the Buddhist priesthood. He has written treatises on Buddhism and other works on religion. The second instalment will appear in the Magazine Section next Sunday.

baggage during the period of my disguise.

The expedition which was destined to have this adventurous end started in a much more conventional fashion. More than two years ago Mr. George Knight, F. R. G. S., conceived the notion of organizing a research mission to Tibet to carry out a thorough survey of the country and its people.

It was first of all necessary to get in touch with some one who was in a position to organize and finance such an undertaking. After several disheartening failures to secure such support, he obtained the co-operation of Mr. William Dederich, F. R. G. S., a friend of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton who had rendered the great explorer traditional help in the organization of Shackleton's 1914 Antarctic expedition. Mr. Dederich is not only a generous patron of scientific exploration but a man whose administrative ability renders him of great assistance to an expedition faced with the complicated problems of equipment and organisation. By his aid the idea was soon placed on a stable basis and active steps could be taken toward sending out the exploring party.

As so much of Tibetan life is bound up with Buddhism, the State religion, any attempt to carry out anthropological work in Tibet—and the aim of the mission was chiefly anthropological—necessitated detailed study of Buddhist history and rites. To carry this on satisfactorily it was above all things desirable to have the co-operation of the Tibetans. In order to secure this and to appease native susceptibilities it was decided to call the proposed expedition the Buddhist Mission to Tibet.

At first the personnel consisted of Mr. G. Knight, as leader; Captain J. E. Elias, as co-leader; Mr. Frederick Fletcher, as geologist and transport officer, and Mr. William Harcourt, as cinematographer. At a somewhat later period I was asked by Mr. Dederich to join the mission as scientific adviser, as it was thought that my knowledge of the Tibetan language and customs would prove useful. Through the kindness of Sir E. Denison Ross, I secured a year's leave of absence from my university.

We had then to decide upon the direction from which Tibet was to be entered. Three places at once suggested themselves.

One was to enter Tibet from the east through China. Another was to go from the west through Kashmir, in Northern India. The third was to start from Darjeeling, in the south, and to pass through the small semi-independent State of Sikkim, which lies between Nepal and Bhutan.

This last was the route eventually selected because it would bring the expedition into immediate contact with the central portion of Tibet, with its two great cities, Shigatse and Lhasa. This route was the more preferable because, as a result of the Younghusband expedition, the Indian Government had secured the right to send certain specially selected persons to two places inside of Tibet itself. The first of these was the town of Yatung, in the Chumbi Valley, just over the Sikkim frontier. The other was the City of Gyangtse, 140 miles in the interior. Persons permitted to travel to either place were required to go in a direct line without deviating in any way from the main trade route.

The India Office and the Government of India were approached on the subject and, after some negotiation, gave us the necessary permission to travel to Gyangtse, and further stated that we were at liberty on arriving at Gyangtse to apply to the Tibetan Government for further permission to proceed to Lhasa and other portions of the interior, but refused to give us any further support or recognition.

In July, 1922, the party sailed for India, and after a short stay in Calcutta and Darjeeling, spent in the purchase of equipment and the hire of servants and transport, set out through Sikkim for Yatung. The other members went by the direct road while I made a detour in order to visit Gantok, the capital of Sikkim. I had several interviews while there with the Maharajah, the native ruler of this quaint principality, and was treated with every kindness by him and the other local officials. I then rejoined the party at Yatung and met there Major Bailey, the political officer in charge of British interests in Sikkim, who also conducts all diplomatic negotiations with Bhutan and with Tibet. He gave us our final instructions and the necessary permits to go on to Gyangtse, but insisted upon receiving from each of us a guarantee that we would return immediately to India in the event of the Tibetan authorities refusing us permission to visit Lhasa.

We went slowly up to Gyangtse, staying some time en route in Pari, which has the reputation of being the dirtiest city in the world. In Gyangtse our active anthropological work began. At the same time we got into touch there with the Tibetan officials, and sent through them a lengthy communication to the Delai Lama explaining the objects of our mission and asking for permission to visit Lhasa. We later found that his Holiness and his immediate Court were in favor of receiving us, but the all-powerful Lhasa monks were so vehement in voicing their objections to the opening up of Lhasa, or even of other parts of Tibet, that in the end the Government was forced to give way, and not only refused permission for the Lhasa journey, but also insisted that we return to India immediately.

I had long suspected that this would be the outcome of this our first attempt to penetrate into the interior of Tibet, so that I had been making special studies which would enable me to undertake the journey in disguise. At ordinary rates of travel Lhasa was less than two weeks' march away from Gyangtse, and I was given a very favorable opportunity, through some Tibetan friends, to start my secret journey immediately. But I had already given my word of honor to return to India in the event of official refusal, so I had first to go back to Darjeeling, when my parole would be over and I should be at liberty to carry out any undertaking I chose.

In the meantime, however, I utilized this stay in Tibet in securing information which was likely to prove useful for my later journey. By this time I was so well known personally on the Yatung-Gyangtse road that I definitely decided not to use this route again, so it was necessary to learn something of the other roads and passes leading from India into the interior of Tibet, and this knowledge had to be secured very delicately, as the Tibetan authorities were already suspicious of my movements. Consequently, long hours were wasted in casual conversation in order that I might slip in seemingly purposeless questions about other parts of the country.

Gradually my cipher notebook was filled with a huge mass of miscellaneous information concerning towns, roads, snowfall in passes and the severity and laxity of various officials in different parts of Tibet. Much was still lacking that, in order to carry out my design, it was desirable for me to know.

As the journey would have to be done in disguise with grave danger of detection, it was necessary to train myself to act as a Tibetan. The renewal of intensive study of colloquial Tibetan since August had, of course, greatly aided my fluency in speaking. I could now converse for several hours on end with no great difficulty, but this was far from being able to speak as a native. More particularly, apart from orders to servants, all my practice of the language had been with my native secretary, local officials and other persons who spoke what is known as the "elegant language."

I decided to travel as a servant in order to attract less attention, so it became necessary to make myself proficient in "coolie talk." Consequently, rather to the scandal of the other members of the party, who as yet were completely ignorant of my design, I made frequent excuses to go to the kitchen and listen to the servants talking among themselves, making careful note of their tones, their slang, the manner in which they spoke of their own and other masters, and last, but not least, the exact way in which they squatted, spat, quarreled, and carried on flirtations with local dames and damsels.

Dr. McGovern in Tibetan Costume.

Altogether our party was this time in Tibet for three months. I remained in Gyangtse in order to go on with my studies while Knight and the others carried out their survey of Mount Chumolhari and the surrounding district. By the time I left I felt that I had acquired sufficient "local color" to enable me to carry out the project with a fair chance of success. I rejoined the party in Darjeeling on Dec. 9, 1922. The mission, as such, was then definitely broken up and I was left free to carry on active preparations for my own private venture.

Up to this time I had kept the idea of my project entirely to myself, and it was only in Darjeeling that I revealed my plans to Knight. This led to tremendous discussion, but in the end the proposition was agreed to, and thereafter Knight gave me enthusiastic support through all my difficulties. At first it was proposed that I be accompanied by one of the other members of the late mission, but eventually it was unanimously agreed that I should attempt the task of getting to Lhasa alone, inasmuch as I was the only one who could speak Tibetan at all fluently. This meant that I was forced to spend some time in learning from Harcourt the art of cinematography, as I was very anxious to secure a film of the Sacred City.

It took exactly a month to get everything in order. This included the purchase of transport animals and the hire of servants. A secret visit to the City of Kalimpong enabled me to secure three mules and three ponies. In Darjeeling itself I engaged four servants who I thought would be suitable for my present purpose. These were, first, a native secretary, who was later to play the part of my master on my arrival in Tibet. Owing to certain delinquencies in character he received from me the sobriquet of Satan. The second was my "bearer," or personal servant, who had already accompanied me to Gyangtse, and had proved his efficiency and loyalty. The third was a sayce, or groom, who was to have charge of the animals. The fourth was a poor, stunted, half-witted boy, whom I called Diogenes, and who was to act as "odd man."

All these were Sikkimese. Ethnologically speaking, Sikkim is a province of Tibet, for the true Sikkimese are Tibetans who have migrated in modern times to the south side of the Himalayas. Their kinship is acknowledged by the Lhasa authorities, so that they are allowed to go to the Sacred City at will. Inasmuch as my servants were Sikkimese, and as the Sikkimese dialect differs somewhat from that spoken around Lhasa and Shigatse, I considered it safer to go myself as a Sikkimese rather than as an inhabitant of the central provinces. Slight deficiencies in Tibetan etiquette and difference in pronunciation would thus be explained away by a story of Sikkimese origin.

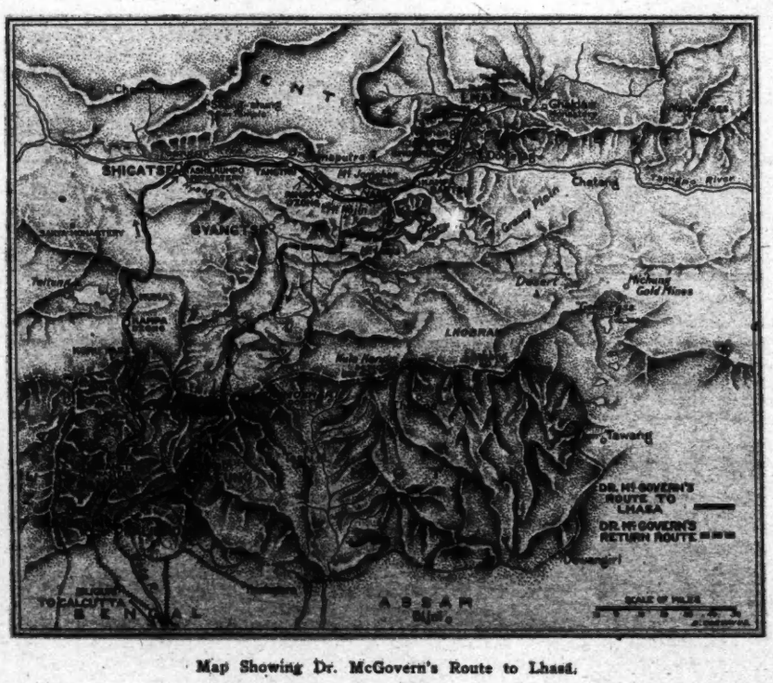
One of my great difficulties in engaging servants was the necessity of employing them under false pretenses. It was absolutely necessary to have all of my plans kept secret, as otherwise the Tibetans would certainly have heard of the project and everything would have been frustrated. At the same time I knew it was impossible to make a secret departure from Darjeeling. A mysterious and sudden disappearance would have excited suspicion immediately and a search would have been made for me. It is always useful to make one's secret preparations "under the limelight." Consequently I gave it out that I was going on a two-months' tour through Sikkim, exploring the unknown regions and climbing some of the out-of-way mountains in order to carry on geological work. This would allow me to disappear for several weeks on end without exciting comment. At the same time it permitted me to test the calibre of my new servants. If they were frightened at the idea of climbing 20,000-foot glaciers in midwinter it was obvious they would not serve my purpose.

Finally the question of equipment had to be considered. All the camp kit of the ordinary explorer had necessarily to be done away with, but food, clothes and materials for disguise had to be purchased. Food supplies were cut down to an absolute minimum, since I intended to eat nothing but native food once I was in Tibet; and even in Sikkim, through which once more we would have to journey, to rely entirely upon local provender. As a sort of last resort I packed away three tins of Quaker oats and five pounds of sugar. The sugar was a luxury, my sole compromise with hedonism, to be used along with native food, as the Tibetans never employ it or any substitute, being one of the few peoples who manage to exist without any form of sweets. The rolled oats was a necessary stand-by. In the past I have been able to exist for a considerable period on porridge alone when no other food was available, and I knew that we would be in some danger of starvation should we be caught in the passes by a snowstorm and be unable to go forward or to return.

The selection of clothes required a great deal of care. I had already purchased or been presented with several lama costumes, and also costumes such as were worn by native officials, but none of these would do in the present instance, as I had to be clad in the poorest garb. In the end I secured three coolie dresses, one new and specially made to order and two old ones which had already seen long service, as the possession of a whole wardrobe of new clothes would have been certain to excite suspicion.

Materials for disguise, including hair dye, a mixture of iodine and walnut juice to stain the skin, dark goggles, two lemons and a small bottle of glue to be used to camouflage the color of my eyes. The use of these last two articles will be explained hereafter.

No one outside the five Europeans of our Gyangtse party had any inkling of what was being done. To make surety doubly sure, Knight agreed to go out into Sikkim on an independent tour in order to distract attention from me. Ostensibly, both of us were to make by different roads for Pemayangtse, the largest monastery in Sikkim.



Map Showing Dr. McGovern's Route to Lhasa.

ANECDOTAL MIRROR OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

The New President Reflected in the Brevities of His Familiar Conversation

Collected by GEORGE MacADAM

COOLIDGE anecdotes can be divided into three groups: the first and biggest group are stories of his silence; the second group, stories of kindnesses unobtrusively done; the third, stories of his humor. The following anecdotes have been gathered firsthand by the writer in the course of trips to Plymouth, Northampton, Boston and Washington. They give interesting glimpses of the unique personality now in the White House.

***

Calvin Coolidge inherited from his father a very taciturn disposition. In the boy this idiosyncrasy was intensified by an extreme shyness. Years later, when he had long been in public life, he said to his friend, Frank W. Stearns:

"They say I have a 'poker face.' I think I know what they mean. When I was a youngster, if I heard that there was a stranger in my mother's kitchen, it was a sore trial for me to go in and speak to him. Early in life I made up my mind that this was something I must fight. The characteristic people speak of is a resultant of those two forces."

***

As a boy he went to the "little red school house" at Plymouth. The teacher was a woman. One day she concluded that discipline would be better if she had a whip; so at the noon recess she told one of the boys to cut her a switch. He brought back to her a beech limb so crooked that it was worthless for her purpose.

At noon recess the next day she told another boy to cut her a switch. He returned with a cudgel.

But the following day, when her husband drove her to school, there was a well-chosen beech switch in the whip-socket of the buggy. This switch was stood in a corner convenient to the teacher's desk. Calvin watched his chance and ran his jack-knife around the switch. A few hours later, the teacher felt there was need for its application to one of the boys. The boy was called to the front of the room; but at the first blow, the business end of the switch flew across the room.

***

Locally, Plymouth is known as "The Notch." About a mile down the road leading to the Black River Valley there is another hamlet, known as "The Union." In those bygone days, when enthusiasm burned more fiercely, there was intense rivalry between the two. The symbol of supremacy was an old cast-iron cannon. It was used to bang a welcome to the Fourth of July, and kept carefully hidden between celebrations. History does not relate whether it originally belonged to "The Notch" or "The Union"; but its possession passed back and forth, as the raiding party of one or the other hamlet succeeded or failed in capturing it. The cannon was never taken from its hiding place unless there was a crowd to protect it.

"The only time I ever saw Cal really excited," says a boyhood friend, "was the night of the third of July, when he was 15 or 16 years old. The cannon was then in the possession of The Notch, and Cal was on the firing squad. It was kept banging all night long. They put in about a teacup of blasting powder to a charge and tamped it with a sledge hammer. The Notch certainly made a record that night for patriotic noise."

***

In 1891 he entered Amherst College. He was still the reticent boy that he was on the farm. Silence was the characteristic that marked him out among his fellow-students. At a reunion dinner, his roommate began a speech in this wise:

"Calvin Coolidge came to Amherst in September, 1891, on the New London Northern Railroad. Wait a minute—I can't prove it; the first sound I heard from him was in the following May."

***

The President's grandfather wore a smock when doing farm work. The President's father never wore one. Calvin Coolidge when he returned from college in vacation times had a way of getting his grandfather's old smock out of the attic and wearing it when he was doing farm work. The neighbors at the time noted it as one of his oddities, though they admit that it was a very handy garment to keep the clothes clean. This is the same smock that photographs show him wearing when at farm work during his visits to his father while he was Governor of Massachusetts and Vice President of the United States.

***

Says a boyhood neighbor:

"Cal was an odd sort of a stick. He always was, and he is still. He used to ask the girls to go out with him; but most of them would sort of snub him—only go with him if no one else asked them. He wasn't just the kind girls take to. Guess some of them are sort of sorry now."

***

In October, 1905, he married Grace A. Goodhue of Burlington, Vt. Miss Goodhue was a teacher in the Northampton school for mutes. The marriage ceremony was performed in Burlington.

At the wedding reception one of the guests asked another:

"Who's that reddish-haired fellow standing over there by himself?"

"That? Why, that's the bridegroom."

"Oh, I thought it was one of the mutes."

***

The writer interviewed Coolidge shortly after the Boston police strike. Asked about his taciturnity, the Governor replied: "I've usually been able to make noise enough to get what I wanted."

***

He graduated from Amherst in 1895. After a Summer of haying and corn-cutting and potato-digging on the ancestral farm, he went to Northampton, Mass. There he entered the law office of Hammond & Field. He was then 23 years old. Judge Field remembers him as "a most inscrutable little devil." He says:

"After he had been in my office three months I didn't know him any better than when he entered it. It was along about this time that I saw a paragraph in The Springfield Republican saying that John Calvin Coolidge Jr. had been awarded a gold medal for an essay. I took the newspaper over to Calvin's desk and said:

"'Calvin, is that you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Where's the medal?'

"'Here,' he answered, opening a drawer in his desk.

"'Have you told your father?'

"'No. Would you?'

"Now that gives you a good idea of Calvin and the way he keeps things to himself."

***

James Lucey, the Northampton shoemaker who recently came into the public eye because of the letter he received from President Coolidge, told his daughter Margaret that if she attained a certain standing in her studies, he would send her to Smith College.

About the beginning of the college year Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, met Miss Margaret in the street.

"Did you get the standing your father required?" he asked.

"Yes."

"So then you enter Smith this Fall."

"I don't know. Father doesn't say much about it. I'm afraid he can't afford it just now."

The Governor called on the President of Smith, and a few days later the daughter of the shoemaker was notified by the college that a scholarship had been given her.

***

Some Vermont friends, visiting Mrs. Coolidge to the theatre. The play was an exceedingly amusing one, and all the party laughed heartily, except the Governor, who sat silent, his features unmoved.

A week or so later another theatre party was arranged.

"Governor Coolidge didn't enjoy the last show," said one of the friends from Vermont. "We ought to let him pick this one."

So the Governor was asked to select a play, and he promptly named the one that the party had seen before.

"But you didn't enjoy it."

"Oh, yes," answered the Governor. "I liked it very much. I've been once by myself since then."

***

A prominent manufacturer had a matter that he wanted to bring to the Governor's attention. One day he saw Coolidge on a train and, dropping into the seat beside him, talked all the way from Boston to Springfield. In that hundred miles of conversation the Governor said "yes" seven times and "good day" as he got out.

***

When Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts he frequently dined and spent the evening with his friend, Frank W. Stearns. Mr. Stearns told the writer that their total conversations during the preceding three or four years would not fill more than three or four hours of solid talk. An hour of talk per year!

***

In 1907 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. During the recess between the sessions of 1907 and 1908 there sat a special committee on labor problems. Its report, referred to the Judiciary Committee, recommended the passage of an anti-injunction bill of sweeping scope. The bill was regarded as a radical labor measure. Coolidge actively supported it.

To a fellow-committeeman, a lawyer like himself, he said:

"What don't you like about this bill?"

The questioned legislator said that among other objections it was unconstitutional, and cited authorities.

Coolidge's answer: "Dorman, you're bothered with a legal mind."

***

After the Boston police strike many newspapers and magazines sent men to Boston to "write up" the man who had suddenly become a national figure. One of the writers, representing a magazine of large circulation, has a personality that is offensively aggressive. In the course of his talk with the Governor he asked:

"Have you a photograph of yourself and family?"

Coolidge took from a drawer in his desk a photograph and handed it to the scribe.

"This will do," said the latter. "But I'll get a copy from the photographer; I don't want to take this one from you."

Quoth the Governor:

"Hadn't thought of giving it to you."

***

There was a matter out in California that was of serious concern to James Lucey, the Northampton shoemaker. He had written to the proper officials, but had not secured as complete information as was necessary for him to determine on a course of action.

He asked the advice of one of his friends, a prominent resident of Northampton.

"I'll speak to Mr. Coolidge about it."

"Why, I didn't know Cal was in town," said the shoemaker.

"Yes, he's here for a day or two."

And that evening the Vice President of the United States called at the little basement shop in Gothic Street, and asked Lucey about the matter that was bothering him.

Forthwith a letter was sent to California. It read in part:

James Lucey, a respected resident of Northampton, and an old and valued friend of mine, is * * *

I shall esteem it a personal favor if you should write me fully and ocmpletely as to the facts in the case.

The letter was signed—Calvin Coolidge.

***

Vice President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge were at a dinner party. Sunday golf became the topic of conversation. Some one asked Mr. Coolidge if he played golf on Sunday.

The answer: "I had a grandmother. She was a Baptist. She didn't."

***

A newspaper man, accompanied by a photographer, arrived at the Plymouth farmhouse about ten minutes after the old Vermont farmer had administered the oath of office as President of the United States to his son.

The newspaper man asked President Coolidge if he would not stand, just for a moment, with his father, by the lamp-lighted table in the little sitting room, as he had stood when the oath was taken, so that a photographic record might be made of a scene that was both historic and unique.

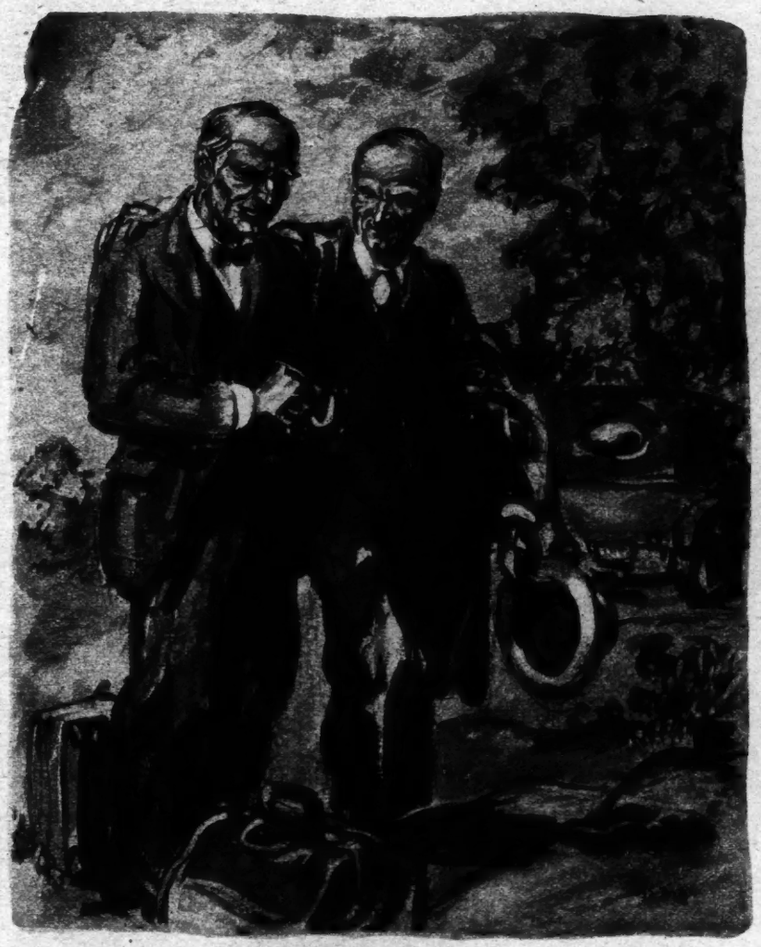
Coolidge has always been very generous in posing for photographs. But now his answer was: "No." His reason: "It is too sacred a thing."

The newspaper man appealed to the President's father and to his wife, and though both of them urged the President to pose he remained firm in his decision.

***

He had been President of the United States less than four hours. He was about to enter the motor car that was to carry him over the mountains to Rutland, where a special train was waiting to carry him to Washington. It was then that he noticed that the stone step leading to the porch of the farmhouse had been knocked a little out of place.

"Better have that fixed, father."



"Better have that fixed, father."

SIXTEENTH CENTURY NEWSPAPERS

"Fugger-Zeitungen," the Earliest Regular Periodicals Preserved Intact in Series

Burning "Witches" in Spain.

Illustration From "Fugger-Zeitungen."

6. Ein Autodafé in Spanien

NOT the least interesting among the many historical documents that have been brought to light since the German States changed their form of government are the so-called "Fugger-Zeitungen" (Fugger-newspapers) which represent, perhaps, the earliest attempts at regular publication of newspapers that are still preserved intact. We know of similar undertakings by those royal merchants, the Medici, and other great mercantile firms in Italy, but only a few isolated copies of those early Italian newspapers may yet be found scattered through the museums of the world.

The Fugger-newspapers, however, selections from which have now been printed by the Ricola-Verlag in Vienna, cover the whole period from 1568-1605, not a single number missing. Victor Klarwill, a well-known librarian, deserves the credit for having unearthed these documents in the Imperial Library in Vienna.

Chief editor and publisher of these newspapers was Count Philip Edward Fugger, Baron of Kirschbach and Weissenborn. He was head of the famous banking and mercantile firm of Fugger Brothers in Augsburg, Bavaria, and was born in 1546 and died in 1618, the year of the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, which completely devastated and depopulated Germany. The Augsburg Fuggers held the same position in Germany as the Medici in Italy. Their foreign connections, however, had, since the discovery of America and a new maritime route to India, assumed even greater extent than those of the royal Medicis. The Fuggers had their representatives and even branch establishments in all the capitals of the Old and New World, principally at Antwerp, Cologne, Venice, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, Lyons, Constantinople, Vienna and in the Spanish and Portuguese and other colonies in both hemispheres.

Not many years after the death of the oldest Fugger, "Hans the Weaver," the house of Fugger had grown to such importance all over the world that the chiefs, who had meanwhile become "Counts Fugger" by the grace of the German King (who at that time was also Roman Emperor or Kaiser), conceived the idea of establishing a regular news service to aid them in their world-wide undertakings.

Naturally, they made use of their great mercantile organization already in existence. The representatives of Fugger in the mercantile centres were mostly of superior education and possessed often much greater knowledge than persons of the nobility and clergy at that time. From these the chief in Augsburg, who held all the wires in his hand, selected a staff of news collectors and writers.

At first these men concerned themselves mainly with mercantile and banking affairs, but with the growing power of the house of Fugger political and diplomatic news became equally, and sometimes even more, important. It should be remembered that the Fuggers were the bankers not only of most of the bigger German Princes, but also of the rulers of Italy, Spain, Portugal and other countries. Even the Pope of Rome frequently borrowed money from them.

When in 1573 King Philip II. of Spain, the husband of "Bloody Mary" of England, invented "State bankruptcy," the firm of Fugger was among the mourners, with 4,000,000 guilders. His successor, Philip III., repeated the experiment, which cost the Fuggers another 3,000,000 guilders. At the same time the Hapsburgs owed the Fuggers about 8,000,000 guilders that never were paid. The Fuggers were probably the richest family in those times, their wealth being estimated at nearly 70,000,000 guilders.

The Fuggers' political power in those days was so strong that they could proudly claim that they had placed Charles V. upon the imperial throne. At least, it has been proved by historical documents that they financed his election, meaning that they bought the votes of the German Elector Princes. In the Imperial Library in Vienna is still preserved a letter from Jacob Fugger, dated 1523, addressed to Emperor Charles V., then holding court in Valladolid. This letter contains the following paragraph: "It is well known and needs no augmentation that your Imperial Majesty would never have been crowned as Roman Emperor without my aid."

According to other historical accounts, which read very much like modern newspaper stories, Francis I., King of France, would have been elected Roman Emperor had there not been so much money on Charles V.'s side.

In 1568, the year in which the first of the present collection of Fugger newspapers is dated, Count Philip Edward Fugger had such a large number of correspondents all over the world on his staff as only the most important newspapers have today, and they got their news in much the same fashion as do the experienced newsgatherers of the twentieth century. There was the expert newsgatherer who organized his district much as it is done today, got his information from the clergy, from burgomasters, from the military watches at the city gates. There were diplomatic correspondents in high positions who often used the Fugger papers as their own or their employers' mouthpiece. Society was not neglected, and war correspondents furnished Count Fugger with vivid reports even from within cities besieged by the enemy.

Curiously enough, the present collection of Fugger-newspapers contains hardly any market or stock exchange reports. It is to be presumed that such reports were published only on separate pages as supplements to the Fugger-newspapers and were probably lost or destroyed, having only a temporary interest to the subscribers.

As related above, Fugger-newspapers originally served only for the information for the house of Fugger and its many branches and, perhaps, a few other mercantile firms with whom the Fuggers were intimately connected. In the day of Count Philip Edward Fugger, however, the Fugger-newspapers had already assumed the character of a publication to which quite a considerable number of readers were privileged to subscribe, at the (at that time) enormous price of 25 guilders annually. There were two editions, the "Ordinarii" and the "Extraordinarii." Of the former one was published every day, the latter appeared from time to time when even extraordinary news came to hand.

Every copy was handwritten, not printed, to preserve the exclusive character of the publication, the copyists receiving four Kreuzer per sheet, about the equivalent of 1 cent. Nevertheless, many editions of the Fugger-newspapers appeared also in print. Often the noble editor of the Fugger-newspapers, for political, religious or perhaps more material reasons, saw fit to communicate his messages to Jeremias Crasser, or his successor, Jeremias Schiffle in Augsburg, "novelists," as they styled themselves. This firm of medieval Reuters or Havas, spread the news in print all over Middle and Western Europe.

Count Philip Edward Fugger seems to have employed fourteen copyists; at least there are fourteen different handwritings. Most reports are in the German language, but Italian, French and Latin are also used. The reports from the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies seem to have been translated into German. The Fugger correspondents had strict orders not to take sides in religious matters, though these, at the time of the Reformation and the religious wars, were all important. The Fuggers, good business men, would not embroil themselves either with the Pope or the followers of Luther. All correspondents, however, had a sharp eye on what happened in France, "which country gave the Roman Kaisers much trouble."

Fugger's correspondents were very conscientious, always quoting the sources of their news and often giving three or four versions for comparison. The war correspondents were no armchair strategists, but nearly always military officers of high rank, fighting with the Kaiser's armies or against him—for instance, with the Turks. Since the first publication in a "Fugger extra" of a letter from "Columbus, prefet of the oceanic fleet," announcing the discovery of the New World, news from foreign countries had been eagerly sought by all intelligent Europeans and naturally continued to form one of the main topics of the Fugger-newspapers.

In Philip Edward's time the period of the great discoveries was over, but the hunger for news from those mysterious parts of the world continued and the noble editor in Augsburg knew how to supply the demand. He published descriptive and very vivid stories of the countries and peoples visited by correspondents whom he had attached to mercantile or Government expeditions of various nations. Often these reports were accompanied by prints or drawings, illustrating weird scenes or events for the genuineness of which, however, the correspondent would not always vouch because they were based merely on hearsay.

The geographical dates in an account of a voyage to the "Land of the Canibales in Africa" seem to point to the Congo coast. There are numerous accounts of the burning of "witches" and executions, ordered by the Spanish Inquisition, which in blood-curling details beat even the accounts of a modern lynching party. Indeed, people in those times must have taken an incredible delight in the vivid painting of the cruelty to which these unfortunate "witches" were subjected.

Much attention is devoted to astrological and meteorological phenomena to which the writers ascribe all kinds of mysterious influences on certain persons, or even whole nations.

Fugger-newspapers take due notice of the gradual passing away of the sea power of Spain and Turkey. They admit reluctantly that Elizabeth of England in pointing to the "Silver Sea" as Britain's future has struck the nail on the head. They speak of Raleigh, Drake and Cavendish as "pirates, but lucky pirates and world navigators, too, who honestly devide the spoil of their raids with their sovereign."

Evidently Queen Elizabeth was on the blacklist of the Fugger publishing office, for in a letter from London she is described as "a very vain, but not handsome person," and a very extensive account of Mary Stuart's execution absolves the Catholic Scotch Queen of all blame and

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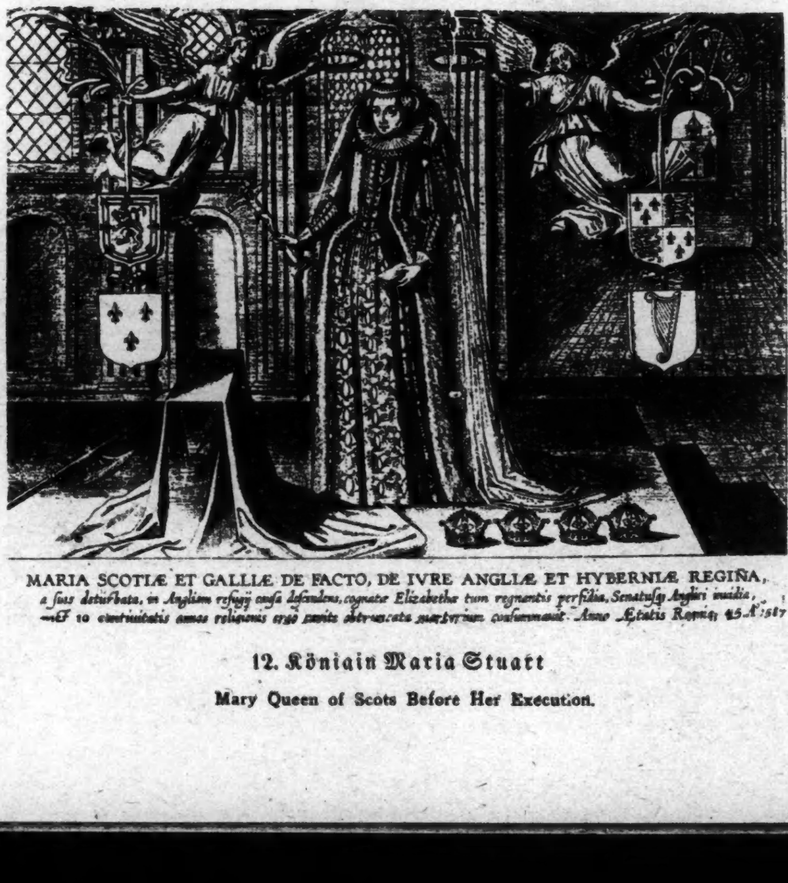

MARIA SCOTIÆ ET GALLIÆ DE FACTO, DE IVRE ANGLIÆ ET HYBERNIÆ REGIÑA,
a suis deturbata, in Angliam refugii causa descendens, cognatæ Elizabethæ tum regnantis perfidia, Senatusq; Angliæ invidia, … 19 captivitatis annos religionis ergo capite obtruncata martyrium consummavit. Anno Ætatis Regni; 45 A° 1587

12. Königin Maria Stuart

Mary Queen of Scots Before Her Execution.

THE BOBBIES OF LONDON TOWN

How the Metropolitan Police Force Is Run That Guards the Capital of the British Empire

ONCE upon a time a London morning newspaper was sold and its new owner, desiring to inject new life into it, sailed on a Wednesday noon for New York (this is supposed to be a true story). In New York he ran across a newspaper man who was reputed to be a hot living wire, and he engaged him at a fabulous salary for his London paper. He fetched his hot living wire back to London, showed him through the newspaper plant he had bought, and turned him loose with complete liberty to do what he could with it. And about teatime in the afternoon somebody was providentially murdered in a London suburb, and the hot living wire dashed out to the scene in person.

Late that night he came back to his office crammed with facts and photographs. He blew the dust off the only typewriter in the place and wrote his account of the murder with his hat on. In the approved Park Row style he gave the world the name of the alleged murderer and, because everybody else in the office happened to be asleep at the moment, his account of the crime went into the paper exactly as he had written it. Thereafter nothing remained for the police to do but to find and hang the poor wretch whom he had convicted of alleged murder on Page 1.

In his hotel at noon the next day he glanced through the pages of his morning rivals, and discovered to his content that, on the first day of his first job in London, he had beaten the town. Nobody else had covered the murder with anything like the completeness with which he had covered it. He had made a bang-up start at giving London a regular newspaper at last, and when he reached his office early in the afternoon with his hat cocked at a very slight angle, he was pained and startled to discover that two police constables and a detective were waiting to arrest him on charges of contempt of court, libel and a few other little things.

Well, to make a long story short, the date of his trial was set and his employer furnished counsel for his defense. The prosecution completed its case in a matter of ten minutes and the defense took even less time than that. This was the case for the defense: "The defendant arrived from New York only a week ago and didn't know any better. If the charges against him are dismissed his employer is prepared to return him to New York by the first sailing available." So, at 10:18 o'clock in the morning, the hot living wire was sentenced to ten guineas' fine and deportation.

And the moral of this sad tale is that Police Headquarters, London, and Police Headquarters, New York, are two quite separate places.

The former has just issued its annual report for 1922, a document which is not only interesting in itself, but also in the insight it affords into that arm of the British Government which is known as the Metropolitan Police Force. Unlike the New York force, the London force derives its authority neither from the Lord Mayor of that highly financial square mile called the City of London nor from the Mayors of any of the metropolitan boroughs. In New York and in Newcastle, in Chicago and in Sheffield, in San Francisco and in Liverpool, the local police forces are under local control, but the Metropolitan Police Force of London is under the Home Secretary in the British Cabinet and has a status wholly peculiar to itself. The New York police force is a municipal department which is supposed to be responsible to the municipal administration, but the Metropolitan force is responsible to the British Government, which in turn is supposed to be responsible to an electorate of some twenty millions, nine-tenths of whom live outside the metropolitan area and have no immediate concern in anything that appertains to the metropolitan area.

The reason for this arrangement is supposedly that London, being the imperial capital, is properly of imperial interest. Accordingly, it is the Imperial Government (if such a thing exists in London) which makes itself responsible for the protection of the royal palaces, the Houses of Parliament, the dockyards, arsenals and the river, and for the royal processions of London. When the Shah of Persia, for instance, visits his brother ruler, the Emperor of India, in London, it is the Government itself which polices the royal route through London's streets. But if the Metropolitan Police were a municipal organization as the New York police are, the only Government arm which could be used along the royal route would be the army, and what advantage would there be in the watery width of the English Channel if Englishmen were to be confronted by their Government with long lines of redcoats whenever his Majesty the Shah chose to call upon his Majesty the Emperor?

Accordingly, the Metropolitan Police are an arm of the British Government itself. New Scotland Yard (old Scotland Yard is now a recruiting office) overlooks the Thames in Westminster, only a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament, and its name has a Government flavor, as the more familiar name of Downing Street has, which lies hardly a hundred yards away. It is related to the British Government direct, just as Gibraltar and Hongkong are, and the police in London, Gibraltar and Hongkong wear the same helmets (except in the City of London, where they wear a sort of crested helmet) and when on duty the same blue and white sleeve-band (except in the City, where they wear a red-and-white sleeve-band). New Scotland Yard, the War Office and the Admiralty all lie off Whitehall and the same system of building passes is used for visitors at all of them.

Brig. Gen. Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of Police of the metropolis, commands about 21,000 men, covering a metropolitan area of about 700 square miles, which is divided into twenty-two divisions, each designated by a letter of the alphabet, which you may see on the collar of any London bobby's tunic next to his own number. There was a time some thirty years ago when the Divisional Superintendents were semi-independent and the organization which radiated from Old Scotland Yard was a rather loose affair, but today the organization which radiates from New Scotland Yard is rigidly centralized, and the Commissioner himself is not only theoretically but actually responsible for every act of the humblest constable on the most suburban beat.

The Metropolitan Police Force today is as rigidly under command as an army unit, and like the army its relations with newspaper men are conducted at the top. New York newspaper men are accustomed to a reasonable free run of Police Headquarters and the police stations, but in London all divisional stations are closed to the newspapers, and the day's run of police news is given to known newspaper men by a press officer attached to the Commissioner at New Scotland Yard. New York newspapers are accustomed to a position which would be undreamed of in London. The average London newspaper man—but this is no place in which to talk shop.

Obviously the lack of immediate responsibility to its public opens the Metropolitan Police Force to the possibility of grave abuse, for any police force bears a most intimate relationship to its community, and if the community is deprived of the machinery of immediate control over it, as is the case in London, it is possible for it to become an agency of espionage and repression. What the police were in Czarist Russia is possibly not yet forgotten. Such charges against the police are usually made by radicals, and in London one looks to the Labor Party for them. Charges of this sort have been made against the metropolitan police by The Daily Herald, the Labor organ, but considering the amount of revolution which Mr. Lloyd George and his Coalition Government engendered in the country, The Herald's charges against the police have been astonishingly infrequent and no more convincing testimonial to the police is available than the very marked infrequency of complaint against them on the part of The Herald.

This is not the same thing as committing the reputation of the Metropolitan Police to The Daily Herald, a proceeding which most Londoners would resent, but in any rapid survey of the police it seems safe to assume that their reputation is fairly unassailable if even The Herald is unable to discover serious ground of complaint against them. It ought to be repeated that its lack of immediate responsibility to its community opens the metropolitan force to the possibility of grave abuse, but in the very same sentence it ought to be added that, in the wide range of police theory from the American theory on the one hand to the Czarist Russian theory on the other, the Metropolitan Police appear to have reached and maintained a nicely balanced position. In its lack of immediate responsibility to its community, the Metropolitan Police Force is European and not American, but in actual operation it appears to confine itself to something very close to the American notion of proper police functions.

Possibly it is his very aloofness from London's effective control which makes the London bobby one of London's most cherished institutions. The day-to-day relationship of the Londoner and the London bobby rests on a basis of public opinion, and New Scotland Yard is highly sensitive to London opinion. It is this relationship which brings the London bobby into a position of greater intimacy with London than even his police duties bring him. The present Metropolitan Police Force is only a century old, but in the course of its century of life London opinion has rigidly defined its rights and duties. The position of every London bobby is defined for him in what is called his "Duty Book," a new edition of which is now in course of preparation. Like practically everything else connected with the force, the "Duty Book" is confidential. It is issued to all constables and section sergeants, and it defines their powers respecting accidents, advertisements, aliens, ambulances, animals (cruelty, diseases, &c.), areas, assaults and so on to the end of the alphabet. It lays upon them the duty of displaying "perfect command of temper under insult and provocation," and of "studiously avoiding argument in the discharge of duty."

It sets forth the qualities to be displayed by the London bobby in his relations with the London public: "sobriety, equable temperament, tact, alertness of intellect, tenacity of purpose, courtesy, dignity, knowledge of the law's essence and manliness." It tells him how to make an arrest: "It may be made by the mere placing of the hand upon the shoulder of another, but the constable should carefully avoid in any way putting his hand on any person except for the purpose of arresting that person. There must be no pushing or hustling." It warns him that all unconvicted persons are assumed to be innocent: "A constable must not handcuff an unconvicted prisoner except in case of actual necessity, and in any case care must be taken not to expose a person to avoidable degradation." This assumption of innocence appears to be actually as well as theoretically observed by the Metropolitan Police, with the exception of prisoners who are obviously drunk and have been arrested on a charge of drunkenness.

Indeed, in the matter of courtesy, "C" division of the uniformed force in whose bailiwick the bright lights of Piccadilly lie, is the aristocrat of all police forces, for a bobby with a silver "C" on the collar of his tunic, when he discovers a gentleman lying prone on the pavement at 3 A. M., never knows but what he may be a peer of the realm or the eldest son of a peer or even the eldest son of an eldest son. Accordingly he conducts him home right side up with care, unless he insists upon becoming boisterous and collecting a crowd, in which case it may become necessary to stop at Vine Street Station on the way home.

Here, although the lately prone gentleman may apply the language of the River Thames to his escort, he will be courteously charged, and, when the address he gives has been duly verified, he will be bade a courteous good-night and permitted to go upon his way. But the next morning he will be required to attend at Marlborough Street Court, where he will be courteously conducted into the presence of an Oxford gentleman named Tennyson d'Eyncourt (imagine a New York Police Judge with a name like Tennyson d'Eyncourt!), who will find himself under the painful necessity of fining his visitor a fiver.

If you apply river language to a New York policeman, he is quite apt to put you in your place like the good Irishman he is, but you might as well wave your arms at the Houses of Parliament as at a London bobby, for all the effect you will succeed in producing (especially if you happen to be wearing a top hat at the time). For the New York policeman is a human being, and if he is not always as courteous as he might be, it may be because courtesy is a word which New York has not yet discovered in the dictionary. The London bobby, on the other hand, is not a human being. He is as unhuman as a Government blue-book. He is as courteous as a Government form. In a country in which form is all-important, the London bobby is a paragon of form. British diplomats and London bobbies spring from the same British stock, and the chief difference between them is that London bobbies accept sixpences while British diplomats accept decorations.

Stacy Aumonier, in a recent book of London sketches called "Odd Fish," has imagined a scene at the British Museum, in the course of which a case of Assyrian pottery explodes and turns into a bunch of lilies. P. C. X6678 (P. C. in the English language means police constable), on duty at the Museum, enters the following report of the incident in his pocketbook: "Case No. 661. Assyrian pottery. Exploded and turned into a bunch of lilies. Time noted: 11:37 A. M." After that, there appears to be no more to be said in description of the London bobby.

Of its authorized strength of 20,987 on Dec. 31 last, about 1,000 were plain clothes men attached to the Criminal Investigation Department. Of this department's personnel, about eighty were posted to headquarters at New Scotland Yard and the rest were scattered over the twenty-two divisions of the metropolitan area. Like all plain-clothes men, London plain-clothes men can sometimes be spotted by their super-active eyes, but aside from this rather obvious observation, all that there is to be known about the

"He may be a Peer of the Realm."

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MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Adventures in the Land of Moonshine

A Mountaineer

THE affairs of moonshine whisky move in mysterious ways. In the jail of a Kentucky town we had seen a large room filled with broken-up stills brought in by revenue officers, all of which would later be sold for weight - copper. Afterward, thanks to an influential citizen, we had an opportunity to visit a still in operation. He even undertook to guarantee that we should be returned in approximately the same condition as when we started, a fate which everybody who sees an active still does not enjoy.

Three men came for us before daylight and we rattled out of town in a dingy Ford. We drove thirty miles in that car and the sun came up and the cold mists drifted back out of the valleys, making our world somehow more familiar and our state of mind less apprehensive. They were silent company, these tall, lean guides of ours, but more from natural inarticulateness and reserve than from distrust of us, I think. A mountaineer has little small talk of his own and no particular appreciation of it in others, so we held our peace.

We soon left the outskirts of civilization behind, and after that passed only isolated houses and, more rarely, little communities of three and four. They were usually ramshackle lean-tos, with no windows. In the mountains no circulation of air is preferable to the too free circulation of bullets. Pigs and chickens ran loose, in and out of the corn which usually grew, without regard to row or hill, close around the doorsteps.

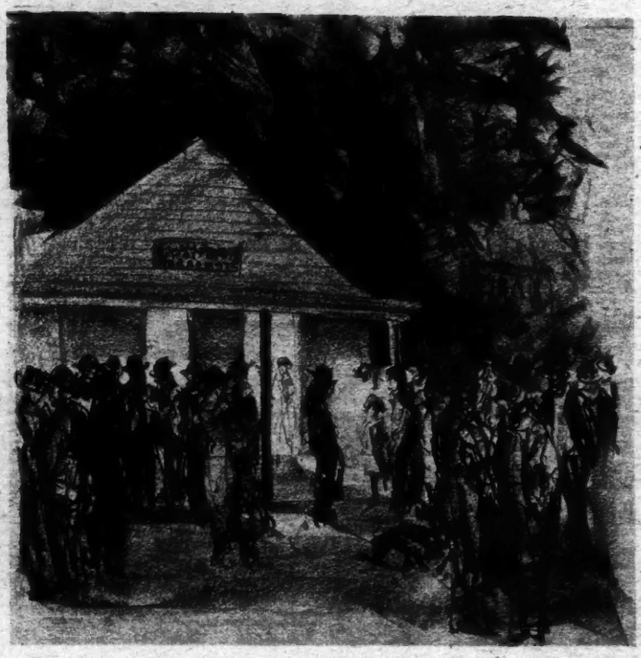
At the end of two hours the road, which for the last ten miles had grown incredibly rough, seemed to end as such in the dooryard of a one-room cabin. There we stopped.

An older and still dingier Ford stood in the trail before us. Two men came out as we drove up. We were forthwith transferred to the other car and one of the two newcomers, lean and lank like the rest, took the wheel. The road on this second leg of our journey was no more than an unused cart-track with grass growing up between the ruts, and the valleys through which we traveled were wild gorges. Out of them the wooded sides of the mountains rose precipitously. Houses were still fewer and further between, and the little patches of cultivated ground that provided each with its frugal living were on rocky and steeply sloping hillsides.

That road, too, came to an end. The Ford was abandoned in what was apparently unbroken wilderness, and one of our guides, plunging down through the bushes to the stream we had been following for some time, showed the way to a sort of pony trail, up which we now scrambled for a distance of three or four miles. The ground rose rapidly through the forest, the birds sang, and in the stream were floating, here and there, clotted masses of

At the Well

half around that still, and if any passage of liquor took place during the night we passed in the house we saw nothing of it. We were invited to see the still for purely pictorial purposes, and it would have been neither polite nor healthy to see anything else connected with it. Seven brothers and the women folk of some of them lived in that house, and though, with the still in the front yard, so to speak, a great deal of the substance of potential wealth



At the Post Office

A Home of Scientific Experiments

the tell-tale brown mash which the force of the water gradually broke up and disseminated.

It was noon when we emerged, without warning or announcement, directly on the still itself. Evidently judged too remote from the usual beat of the revenue officer, and too difficult of access, no attempt had been made to conceal it. The beautiful, shiny thing was there in all its glory, in a little clearing in the woods, and four or five men stood about it or lay stretched on the grass. Evidently our advent had been fully discussed, for it created no stir. Five or six hundred yards away, in a second clearing, was a house.

Considering the stir that moonshine whisky makes in that particular world, the process of producing it is singularly unspectacular. They usually work the still during the daylight hours, since smoke and flame are less apparent in daylight and detection therefore less likely, but the fire that they stoke might as well be a fire that boils potatoes—it is no more brilliant.

We spent a peaceful day and a had its origin on the premises, the house and its occupants showed no signs that the materialization of that wealth ever flowed back to them.

The mother of the seven sons wore a red "mother hubbard," a garment she told us she had had when she was married, thirty-two years before, which was now her only dress. True, the house had three rooms, which is large for that region, and was not overcrowded according to local standards. Only nineteen people lived in it, and sometimes twice that number are to be found in no more spacious accommodations. Their guests got a blanket and a shake-down in an outhouse, and the fare for all had the lack of variety which characterizes all mountaineer tables. We had beans and bacon, corn, home-baked bread and coffee for supper, and for breakfast coffee, bread, corn, bacon and beans.

But the house had one feature of elegance, a mahogany door, a ponderous, handsome piece of salvage from the ill-fated Four Seasons Hotel at Cumberland Gap, into the

(Continued on Page 8)

LAND OF MELTING DOORKNOBS

Unchaperoned Summertime Travels of Two American Girls Across British India

The season for a pleasant visit to the plains of India lies between Nov. 15 and April 15, which is the cold season. At other times, especially in May and June, the heat is apt to be trying.—Murray's "Handbook for India, Burmah and Ceylon."

By RUTH CORNWALL

MARK TWAIN who, unlike Murray, had no object in luring travelers to India, described the climate of the country with unrestrained candor. "During the hot season, the doorknobs melt," he declared. "During the so-called cold season they simply grow mushy."

I crossed the peninsula in May and June—the season when doorknobs melt and the heat "is apt to be trying." We expected it to be hot, of course. But at the time we laid our plans we were shivering in Constantinople. The enormity of our enterprise first dawned upon us when we boarded the steamer at Port Said. Our fellow-passengers, most of whom had been for years in the Indian service, were frankly concerned to learn that two young, inexperienced American girls were planning a "pleasure trip" alone across the plains of India in the worst of hot weather. The younger men declared admiringly that it was a "jolly sporting thing to do," and only hoped that we'd be able to stick to it. The older officers averred that we were plain fools. There were only three women on board besides ourselves—army wives, all of them. They regarded our undertaking with suspicion and eyed us coldly—if anything on that trip through the Red Sea could be called cold.

This consternation over our plans made us feel depressingly conscious of our complete ignorance. We had no itinerary. Until we bought our tickets we had never been able to remember on which side of the peninsula Bombay was located. To the oft-repeated question, "What route are you taking?" we could only answer blithely and ambiguously, "Oh, we're just going when and where the spirit moves us!"

Nor had we provided ourselves with any special equipment for the journey. We overheard casual mention that travelers in India always carried their own bedding with them, even to mattresses and pillows. There was frequent reference also to a mysterious something known as a "bearer," without which nice people never traveled. We made a mental note to pick up both bedding and bearers in Bombay.

Another item on our list was Keatings—whatever Keatings might be. Apparently one's outfit was incomplete without it, for every one we met remarked sooner or later, "Of course you have brought Keatings with you?" Assuming that it was a sort of Baedeker for India, we inquired for a copy in a Bombay book store.

"Keatings?" repeated the clerk, politely puzzled. "Don't you mean Keats?"

"No, no," we insisted. "They positively said Keatings."

A futile search for Keatings ensued. The manager of the store was appealed to. He was a perfect gentleman, for there was not a flicker of a smile on his face as he explained to us that Keatings was not a guide book, but an insect powder.

He was a good salesman as well as a gentleman. He sold us Murray's handbook, "Easy Lessons in Hindustani," "A Glossary of Indian Words and Phrases," several of Kipling's works and Mark Twain's "Following the Equator." On the basis of this literature we mapped out a tentative itinerary and invested in the equipment marked in the guide book with three stars as being "Absolutely necessary."

Scores of dusky men offered us their services as bearers. They lay at our door at the hotel, so that we tripped over them as we emerged each morning. They swarmed around us wherever we went, thrusting greasy "chit books" under our noses.

The more we were pursued by these vociferous fellows the greater grew our dislike of them, and after interviewing some dozens of them we decided to travel unattended. Our British friends protested that this was hardly respectable—that two girls alone would have difficulty in getting service in hotels and on trains. We were determined, however, to boycott all bearers, and travel alone we did.

Subsequently we eliminated the more cumbersome articles of baggage. Steamer rugs were substituted for mattresses and "bedding" dwindled to a mere sheet and a small pillow. The rest of the equipment was as follows:

Item: A pitch helmet. (This was a decided concession. We had considered helmets mere affectation until a short walk on the Bombay pier under a noonday sun had forced us to capitulate.)

Item: A large silk handkerchief of brilliant color and striking design which served alternately as spine protector, mop, duster, veil and handbag.

Item: A pair of dark glasses.

Item: A can of Keatings, with sprayer attached. (Unfortunately it had no effect upon lizards and snakes, but it was efficacious in dealing with lower forms of animal life. We used it extensively, chanting as we sprayed it a refrain entitled, "Bites, Bites, Bites.")

Item: A heavy cane.

Item: A large map of India which refused to be folded into the same creases twice in succession.

The Indian trains, contrary to expectation, were comfortable. The first-class compartments were roomy and luxurious. As no other white women were traveling at the time we had an entire carriage to ourselves. A wide leather couch on either side of the car provided seats by day and beds by night. At the foot of each couch was a door, the only means of exit. This meant that while the train was moving we were marooned in our own car. A sign tacked on the wall below a bell rope gave the following cheerful information:

> TO LADIES TRAVELING ALONE.
> In case of sudden attack, pull bell rope. Assistance will be rendered as soon as possible.

We read the sign, discovered that the doors opened in and had no keys, and then moved our largest trunks against them as a barricade. We also brought out the two canes, and I unwound the hot-water bottle from around my Colt .38 and laid the weapon on the table. This was merely a gesture, for we both knew that under no provocation would I ever pull the trigger. As a final precaution, we hunted up our "Glossary of Indian Words and Phrases" and learned how to say "Get out." It sounded like "Jelly jow," and we rehearsed it solemnly.

The realization that only a bell rope hung between us and the rest of the civilized world was depressing, but our spirits revived as we surveyed the completely equipped private bathroom that adjoined the compartment. In that blistering heat it was cheering to imagine that we could have a cold bath in a real bathtub whenever we wanted it. As a matter of fact, all the water, even that labeled "Cold," was hot. Nothing in India is even tepid. Everything runs to extremes.

The first lap of our trip—from Bombay to Agra—lasted twenty-eight hours. In all that time, even at night, the little thermometer in our compartment never dropped below 130 degrees. Four electric fans working frantically did not really cool us. They could do nothing more than keep the scorching, dust-laden air in motion. The windows, which were of dark-blue glass, to protect us from the blinding glare outside, had to be kept tightly closed. Once, when the train stopped at a little station, we stuck our heads out the door, hoping to get a "breath of fresh air," but the heat was like that of a blast furnace. The voice of a British officer on the platform boomed out, angrily, "For God's sake, put your helmets on. Do you want to die of sunstroke?"

The country through which we passed was a desolate, sun-baked waste. Occasionally we spied a cluster of mud huts, a bullock wagon creaking drearily along a dusty road, a naked figure huddled dejectedly by the wayside, seeming to wait for something that would never come. Except for these few evidence of life the countryside was a barren, monotonous wilderness on which the Indian sun beat down mercilessly from an absolutely cloudless sky.

There was no relief at night. The terrific heat never abated for a moment—if anything, the darkness made it even more suffocating. Those nights on the Indian trains were hideous nightmares. With parched throats and swollen tongues we lay literally gasping for air. The poor creatures locked in the third-class carriages must have suffered the tortures of the damned. It seemed to excite little comment or regret when the doors of a third-class compartment were opened one morning and several natives were found dead—suffocated from the heat.

With air at such a premium passengers fought for places next to the windows or else tried to break into less crowded cars. Our compartment was marked "First Class—Ladies," but nobody paid any attention to the sign. At each station the entire native population of India (it seemed to us) made a mass attack upon our car. It was like a subway rush, made much more awful by the sickening heat, the darkness and the hoarse roar of voices in a strange tongue. An Indian railroad station at night is an inferno—a chaos of struggling, shouting figures, lighted only by fitful, flaring lamps. In direct contrast to the lifelessness of the country during the daytime, everything suddenly came to life at night.

At each station stop we barricaded the doors anew with our wardrobe trunks and seated ourselves thereupon, armed with our canes. From this lofty perch we could watch the mob surge up on the steps of the car, a mass of naked bodies and dark faces with gleaming white eyes and teeth. Gradually the door would be forced open and heads poked through. That was our signal to shout "Jelly jow," emphasized by a sharp crack with the cane on the head of each intruder. It was an effective reception; and eventually the invaders would withdraw, leaving us to recuperate for the next attack.

At one of these stops, just as we had concluded that we were the only white people abroad at night, the face of a white man appeared against the window of our car and an English voice demanded, "You ladies all right? Knew you'd be here and wanted to make sure you were having no trouble." With these cryptic words he disappeared again into the blackness of the night. It left us with a curious sensation.

We realized that we were conspicuous wherever we went. Apparently it was unprecedented for white women to be traveling alone at that season of the year, and our appearance was always greeted with unconcealed amazement on the part of the white men we occasionally met along the way. The first-class hotels were closed. Often he had to put up at a dark bungalow (Government rest house). The most remote, deserted place, however, almost always produced at least one white man, usually a Britisher, sometimes an American.

Withering days were followed by breathless nights, when all the world seem to lie gasping in agony. There was never any relief, and, what was worse, there was no hope of relief. Our sightseeing was restricted to certain hours—from 4 until 9 in the morning, and from 6 in the afternoon until dark. The rest of the day we seldom stirred outside the hotel. During the long hot hours while the sun beat down so cruelly outside we lay prostrate on our beds, too weak and ill from the heat to move, while native attendants kept the punkahs moving about us incessantly. Our clothing had reached the irreducible minimum.

At intervals one of us roused herself sufficiently to order something to drink. When I recall what we drank I marvel more than ever that we survived. There were no iced drinks anywhere. The British, of course, prefer hot tea, even in the hottest weather. Try as we might, we could not convey the idea of iced tea to any one who served us. Once by dint of repeated effort we got some cracked ice and made our own drinks, but it so demoralized the management of the hotel that we never had the courage to repeat the order. Ordinary water was out of the question. There was nothing left to fall back on but bottled soda water. It was always lukewarm, tinged with a faint lemon flavor and highly charged. In our parched condition one bottle of soda had no effect whatsoever. It always required at least two to relieve our thirst. One day we consumed twenty-seven bottles apiece.

Curry and rice, boiled potatoes and thick gravy made little appeal to our appetites in that heat. We had been warned to touch no uncooked food for fear of cholera. For a while we obeyed this injunction, but one day our resolve broke down in the face of a cool cucumber salad with crisp lettuce—worth dying for. We waited for premonitory signs of cholera—but nothing happened. By the time we had reached Calcutta we were defying death at every meal.

An Englishman on the train going to Delhi was gloomy in his prognostications of what would happen to us in that city. His remarks made little impression on us, however, for we decided he was in a vindictive mood in consequence of what he seemed to consider a very rotten trick on our part.

It happened in this way: One evening as we sat in the dining car after dinner waiting for a chance to get back to our compartment, the train suddenly stopped. We peered out, saw that it was not a regular station stop, but decided there would probably be time to jump out and run back to our car. We had stopped on a high embankment and the train loomed up so far above us as we ran along the track that it was impossible to identify our car in the darkness. We hurried frantically up and down. Suddenly the whistle tooted, a bell clanged and the train started to move. There was only one thing to do if we were not to be left standing alone in the wilds of the Indian plains. We clambered up the embankment, swung ourselves on the step of the car nearest at hand and banged on the door. A window opened and the head of an astonished Englishman appeared. The train was rapidly gaining momentum.

"Oh, won't you please let us in?" we begged breathlessly. "We can't find our compartment and we've got to go somewhere. We can't hang on here."

The head withdrew; after a moment the door was reluctantly opened and we found ourselves in the company of a young man whom we had apparently interrupted in the act of retiring. He was not at all overjoyed at being forced into the rôle of host. He wrapped his dressing gown about his legs and invited us to sit down. For the first half hour of our visit he tried to be cordial, but as the night wore on and there was no opportunity for us to leave he frankly resented our intrusion and vented his annoyance on us by

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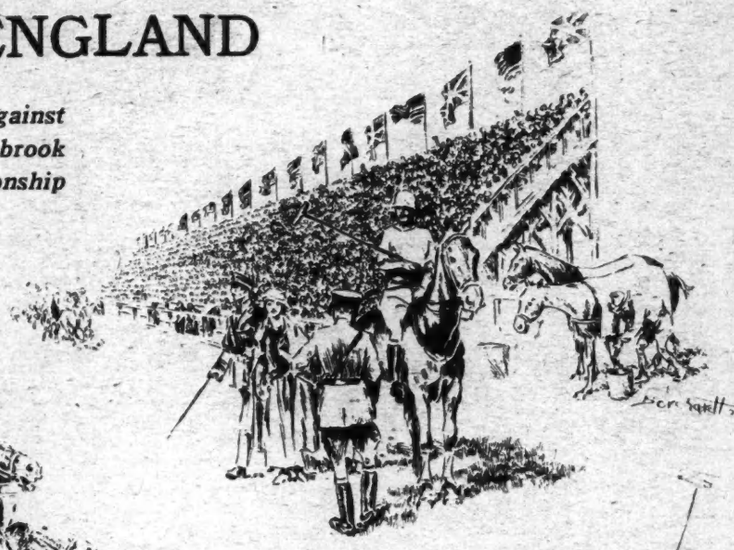
"He vented his annoyance on us by painting the blackest picture of conditions in Delhi."

AMERICA MEETS ENGLAND

When Our Army Rides Against the British on Meadowbrook Field for the Polo Championship



THE polo matches arranged between the army teams of the United States and Great Britain will be the first international military meeting in the history of the game with the world's military title at stake. The games will be played at the Meadowbrook Club on Sept. 12, 15 and, if a third game is necessary, Sept. 17, the events to consist of the best two out of three matches.

The Americans will line up with Major A. H. Wilson, instructor of equitation at the United States Military Academy, at No. 1; Major J. K. Herr, formerly of the War Department team of Washington, D. C., at No. 2; Lieut. Col. Lewis Brown, Captain of the team, at No. 3, and Major Louis A. Beard at back. The Army team has recently won the national junior championship for the second successive year at Narragansett Pier, R. I. In the junior tournament, however, Major W. W. Erwin played at back and Major Beard at No. 2.

The team has been practicing at the new army polo centre at Mitchel Field, Long Island, since the junior tournament.

The British Army team will be Lieut. Col. T. P. Melville of the Seventeenth Lancers, Lieut. Col. J. D. Y. Bingham of the Fifteenth Hussars, Major F. D. Hurndall of the Fourteenth Hussars and Major Vivian Lockett of the Seventeenth Lancers. Lieutenant W. S. McCreery is the substitute. Major Lockett has played on international teams, and appeared in the matches at Meadow Brook last Fall as back on the Eastcott team. Major Hurndall also played on the Eastcott team in this country last Fall. The British military team is headed by Lieut. Gen. Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, the senior British Army officer enrolled in the Hurlingham Club. General de Lisle will act as manager.

The matches will be played on mounts belonging to the players themselves or which are the actual property of the Governments of the two nations. The British mounts were brought over on the Menominee and are stabled at Mitchel Field.

Both teams intend to play in the Philadelphia tournament, the Monty Waterbury Cup tournament and the open championship, besides the international matches.

MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from Page 6

erection of which had gone so many hundreds of thousands of pounds of British money. It is one of the outstanding and calamitous examples of bad judgment of the last fifty years, like the South Sea bubble and the more recent Shelby fight. At a time when New York City's largest hotel was the Brevoort, this hostelry on the mountain tops undertook to provide the accommodations which the Ritz and the Ambassador might perhaps offer today, and its financial collapse, intimately associated with the failure of the Baring Bank in London, was quickly followed by its demolition. Some few bits of it stayed behind in the mountains, like wraiths of departed glory, wholly out of place in their surroundings—this mahogany door, here and there a marble doorstep, an elaborately carved bit of woodwork, even a marble bathtub.

You are accepted on your face value in these mountains, and no questions are asked. The visit to the still and the adjacent house was not our only taste of native hospitality. On our tramps in the wild, rough gorges—usually effected on foot because beyond a point a Ford cannot go and another man's mule is a dangerous experiment—the sudden night caught us several times too far from our base to get home, and we asked food and shelter at the first house we came to.

The mountaineer is patriarchal: he is prodigal with such hospitality as he has to offer; it is yours for as long as you care to stay. You may pay him something for it if you like—after all, he has little for himself or for you—but it has no set price and is not given with remuneration in view. In this he differs radically from the peasant in remote sections of Europe, who will take a traveler in and then make him pay extravagantly for every mouthful he eats or cut his throat for the sum of money he may carry. America has no peasantry; no new country has—not Australia or New Zealand or Canada—it takes hundreds of years and generation upon generation living on the land to acquire the greed for land and the greed for money that characterize a peasantry. In a new country land has relatively no value, and money is not only scarce but there is little that it will buy. Pioneer stock has its vices, but, generally speaking, avarice to the point of murder is not among them!

The American mountaineer carries a gun and he kills, but his killing is as radically different from this kind of treachery as it is from the performance of the gunman on the city streets. His killing amounts to a patriarchal principle; it is open and aboveboard, and all in the day's work. The Dean of Women of Lincoln Memorial University—a school of fine opportunity erected twenty-five years ago on the site of the Four Seasons Hotel—Walking one day on a near-by road, heard a shot in the woods above her, and then a voice, evidently directed to some one on the road ahead: "You'd better come up here and take care of Tom Taylor's body. I left him dead in your yard!" The killer of Tom Taylor, if he escaped the Sheriff, remained in his own self-respect and the eyes of his community a righteous and God-fearing man.

We went to the Holy Rollers' chapel, a little two-roomed shack built around a central chimney, known as the "Dog-trot," because to enter from one room to another one went out and around and in from outside. It was a night pitchy dark, a sort of velvet blackness, not a light on the road, and only the restless moving and stamping of the horses tied to the long bar behind the house to break the heavy silence. Inside, a room 10 feet by 12 was lighted by four smoky kerosene lamps, brought thither from near-by cabins of the devout and fastened in brackets on the walls. The ceiling was only a little above a tall man's head. There were six or eight long benches, and on them were packed men and women, elbow to elbow, weather-beaten men and lean, gaunt women, some with babies in their arms. There was a scattering of children of all ages, with a light of unhealthy excitement in their eyes because of what they were about to see and hear, and a few young people—young men loafing about the door, who were there, not because of any devout interest in exhortation, but because there was no place else to go on a Saturday night.

The service opened with a revivalist hymn, hell-fire and damnation, and the congregation, some standing and some sitting, began to rock rhythmically. Moans and amens were interjected with increasing frequency as the volume of song went on, verse after verse. The two preachers sat with closed eyes on a bench facing the congregation, rocking more violently than the rest. A second hymn followed, another and another, and the first preacher, warming up to his work, led the singing with frantic ecstasy, with head thrown back, his eyes closed and his mouth working cataleptically. "One more day's work for Jesus, one less of life for me-e-e!" The singing stopped, lamentations and fanatical confessions filled the small, hot room with a babel of disordered sound. The first preacher stood up.

There were no subtleties of thought in what he had to deliver, no suspicion that there might be other interpretations of the Holy Word. Black was black and white white, and Truth and Good were absolute. One closed one's eyes on the narrow little room with its smoky lamps and its torn newsprint tacked on the walls, on the packed humanity sobbing and moaning in unrestrained abandon, on the excited children and the suckling and whining babes, and one was transported back 2,000 years, into the days when wailing and gnashing of teeth was a not uncommon form of emotional indulgence.

PURSUIT OF THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Dr. Steinach's Predecessors Had Recipes for Changing Old Men Into Young in 1600 B. C.

By M. B. LEVICK

DR. EUGEN STEINACH, it is announced, is coming to America this Winter to explain in person his theory of rejuvenation.

New men for old! Within a few months the name of the Professor of Biology at the University of Vienna has become the talk of cities and has penetrated to the furthest hamlets. Whatever the validity of his claims, whatever the truth of criticism raised by the conservatives of the medical world against Steinach and against the gland transplantations of Dr. Serge Voronoff, the idea which they have brought forth in scientific terms has seeped into the popular mind like water into sand. For the mind of man has thirsted for this secret for untold centuries, has evolved from it legends, myths, heroes, whole religious systems, creating in manifold form the hope that is built on the desire to become as immortal as the sun.

In the Museum of the New York Historical Society is the earliest scientific medical book extant. It is the Edwin Smith Papyrus, a copy dating from the seventeenth century B. C. For the most part it is a serious treatise on surgery and external medicine, comprising clinical case reports, treated in language which was in part already obsolete in Egypt even when the scribe made this copy. At the end there is, in another hand, a copy of magical formula come down from the night of history to that later period when science had made a beginning. Large in this appendix is "the incantation for transforming an old man into a youth of 20."

Between the village doctor by the Nile, who added the magic to his little store of sound surgery, and the Professor of Biology in the University of Vienna—and his critics—there are cycles of the youth legend, persisting in tortuous forms, twisting around the world, coming to light in the beliefs of savages on remote islands and in the transmutations of the European geniuses. The race has held tenaciously to its desire, projecting it backward at times, as in the belief that there was no death for Adam before the fall; throwing it forward in elaborated systems.

The Old Woman Who Never Dies, to whom the Minnitarees of North America danced in the corn season, is a part of it; Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, weary through the centuries, is part of it; the desiccated beings of A. D. 31,920 in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" are part of it no less. And if one looks among the cults of the twentieth century and doctrines to which thousands turned for hope after the weariness of the war, there, too, the idea reveals itself, often disguised yet recognizable. Within a few months the United States discovered the House of David at Benton Harbor, Mich., where King Benjamin Purnell gathered those who were to survive in body, without need for a chariot of fire, after the seventh messenger angel blew his trumpet. Twelve thousand from each of the twelve tribes and six angels had already come with the messages—their names were on the rolls—as had been foretold to England in 1792 by Mrs. Southcott.

The roots of science lie in part in the morass of supernatural hope. A year after the discovery of America Paracelsus was born and in his forty-eight years he began the conversion of alchemy into medical science. To the end, however, he sought the elixir of life, the elixir vitae, the hunt for which had already, before his day, made men familiar with the alembics and retorts from which in time came the science of chemistry.

Others produced recipes which called for green dragons and red lions. Paracelsus's prescription for the alcahest had no greater efficacy, but it was simpler. Take caustic lime carefully and freshly prepared, he wrote; upon it pour alcohol equal in weight and distil ten times. Mix the residuum with carbonate of potash and dry to a powder. Pour alcohol again in equal weight; distil thus ten times. Burn the final residue and the ashes are the alcahest, the erezet of life. It was more potent if mixed with melissa leaves; better still if kneaded with the blood of the young.

The two goals of the alchemists were bound together: the philosopher's stone, which would turn base metal to gold, and the elixir of life. Sometimes they became one, as in those recipes which say the cup of youth is liquid gold. This is the formula of Gebir in his "Summa Perfectionis": potable gold. It is echoed by Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus. It is the fundamental idea of a whole division of legends, including the Irish folk tale of the magic well. Drink of the well and become young again. The peasant's wife misses him. She searches; she comes to the well and finds a baby crowing there. It is the husband; he has drunk too deeply.

A longer shadow than that of Paracelsus is cast by Faust, and in his story, too, is the idea of youth. Metaphysical poets have made the tale the drama of a man who gave his soul to the devil for power and other mundane baubles, but in the popular mind Faust is the grubby man of books who blossomed into the lover of Marguerite. There was a historical Faust, it appears, a charlatan of the sixteenth century, skipping over Europe like a malign Eulenspiegel. To this figure were drawn all the attributes of the magical hope. He was first caught between the covers of a book in 1587 and became at once a best seller of the day. But before that he was the hero of plays and puppet shows.

The Faust who grew young again by an evil bargain lingered in men's minds, while the Faust who lost his soul for the world became the protagonist of Marlowe and Calderon, of Lessing and Goethe, of the Victorian mystic, Philip Bailey. Boito, Spohr, Schumann, Gounod and Berlioz paid him homage in music. Painters depicted him. Rembrandt etched him in his study, staring at a magic disk upon the air.

A Faculty of learned men could labor for years and still not run down all the forms in which the wish of youth restored has taken shape. Europe, Asia—all the continents and all the islands have their versions, and in all lands there have been men to turn the hope to personal advantage.

In the twelfth century men in Europe showed secretly, as a treasure, a letter. A veritable letter written by Prester John from the land beyond the world's edge, where he became priest and king. The letter told of a well in Asia. Two centuries or so after this Sir John Mandeville, writing his traveler's tales in French, said that he himself had come upon this well at Polombe and drank of it thrice, to his benefit.

The legend of the well was still alive in 1493, the year in which Paracelsus was born and the year in which Juan Ponce de Leon sailed with Columbus on the latter's second voyage. Ponce de Leon, during the next twenty years, heard often in the West Indies of a land called Bimini in which there was a fountain of youth. Perhaps he thought it Prester John's. The young lieutenant of Columbus was a man of 53 when he sailed from Porto Rico in 1513 and took possession of what he thought to be a new island, naming it Florida.

The story of Ponce's quest is in the school books. The children read it and patronize this foolish old man of so long ago. But often enough the story is still in their minds, so sharply they can almost see the glint of the magic fountain, when in after years they can scarcely remember the other tales of their childhood and must look at the book when their own children ask for stories once equally familiar. The legend of the fountain strikes roots which grow with the years.

Ponce de Leon died. But they don't all die, these fellows who hunt for the same secret.

In the front rank of this company stands Nicholas Flamel. He was a man of good deeds to whom power came, it is said, in an unknown manner. He was poor, yet he established forty charitable institutions in Spain (some survive to this day), and he was 116 years old when it was reported, in 1415, that he had died at last. Yet a writer in the age of Louis XIV., three hundred years later, said that he had positive knowledge that Flamel was still alive in India.

The mystic period after the Reformation brought other claims; for one, the Rosicrucian mysteries gave to the Count of St. Germain the secret of immortality. The earlier Gilles de Laval, Baron de Rets and a Marshal of France, who was with Joan of Arc at the siege of Orleans, had fared worse. He had struck a bargain and went through the horrid rites of Canidia, but a tomb covered him at last.

The secret has been sought in many ways and recorded or suggested in many forms. Ostanes the Mede wrote of a divine water that cured all maladies, and among his pupils was another seeker who wrote "Physica et Mystica," a book sought after when Alexander the Great was showing that a single span of youth could bring disillusion and disappointment. Hermippus, at a time when sorcerers bent over blue-flickering braziers, held that life could be recruited from life, vampire-like; in the middle of the eighteenth century Johann Heinrich Cohausen, having read that Hermippus lived to 155 years, adopted his theory and gave the world "Hermippus Redivivus," revealing again the great secret.

Rites of their own made of the Rosicrucians a legend the stage setting of which is found profitable even in this day and age. The mere name alchemist struck awe and became a weapon for persecution, and down the centuries stalked Ahasuerus, damned with that which other men desired. The tale of him was passed from gammer to child at the hearths of thatched medieval cottages and was recited by sprightly minstrels at the courts of great men; the Wandering Jew had the dust of thirteen centuries on his sandals before his story was set down in writing, and he had not yet been forgotten when it was made the theme of one of the most widely read novels of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps Roger Bacon thought of him at times as he sat in his thirteenth century cell writing of the cure of old age in "De Prolongatione Vitae." Perhaps John Asgill gave him a moment of pity as he elaborated his proof, in 1698, that death could be avoided because it had only come to the world with the eating of the apple. By then the scientific spirit had made headway, yet even Descartes, philosopher, experimentalist and geometrician, believed as did the peasants of centuries before. When word came to Paris that Descartes was dead at Stockholm at the age of 54, his pupils would not believe. "It cannot be," they said, "for has he not invented a specific which will enable him to live five hundred years?"

Always a formula is wanted, some semblance of magic, so that Luigi Cornaro, who lived in Venice from 1467 to 1566 and worked out a regimen of simple and long living, has never held the mass mind as has Metchnikoff, whose physiological theory was reduced to a recipe—sour milk.

Those chance mortals who attain great age (and statisticians are skeptical of the bulk of them) are made objects of a sort of reverence which even a day of airplanes and radio has not eradicated. Where is the centenarian who has not been forced to give his formula to the world? Smoke, do not smoke; drink, abstain; so it runs today. But this bestowal of the secret is no invention of the modern interviewing reporter. The word was doubtless passed on in Methuselah's time. A formula ran around the taverns of London when Hugh Whistler died at Goring, on Jan. 17, 1615, at the age of 216. In San Salvador, fifty years ago, Miguel Solis was sought after to tell others how they might become as he—for Miguel, who died in 1878, was said to have been born in 1698. "Eat one meal a day," he said, "but eat lots."

At Magdeburg, in Prussia, long before, it was the same. Magdeburg had a man who lived to be 110. He, too, gave his teaching: Lie down as often and as long as one can, always with the head to the north, so that one's body becomes a living magnet. And at the end of the eighteenth century John Buckland of Norwich doubtless raked in fat profits with his little book, "A Wonderful Discovery of an Old Hermit Who Lived Upwards of 200 Years."

This simplicity of formula attaches even to the women on the list. No word of charm, wit, personality; merely the smoothness of youth and beauty, the magazine cover ideal. Even to Cleopatra, effective still at 39; even Ninon de l'Enclos. A youth fell in love with Ninon, it is said, and killed himself when he found she was his mother.

The learned men of other days knew nothing of arteriosclerosis; they gave no heed to the weak points of the body, those wearing out faster than the rest. They merely knew that when one is dead one is dead all over. Oppose the present age to theirs and one finds that amulets are sold still as they were in Babylon, and panaceas are yet in demand. Within a short memory, however, the conception of age has changed. Often enough the ancient flapper marks nothing but a state of mind, yet it was a state of mind that caused the world to say it would have none of Osler's theory.

The span of life has been raised from an average of 41 years in 1870 to more than 55 years today. At that rate it will be threescore and ten by 1950. Throughout the world it varies—in India, the lowest, it is 22.6 years for males; in New Zealand it is 61.8 for females. Chiefly this is a matter of infant mortality; hundreds of thousands of babies have been saved by better nursing, better sanitation and so forth. The mature man of today, the experts tell us, is no better off than the mature man of the past. Yet the figures seem to point toward the future.

There is Voronoff and there is Steinach and there are their followers who have given strong eyes to old watchmakers and made deaf college professors to hear and grown chestnut hair on gray heads. There are the critics who say such work increases only desire, not capacity.

But each individual, as the years speed shorter, asks "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

And yet—

On Jan. 17, 1912, a man put a little silver of flesh in a jar in a New York laboratory. Merely a section of connective tissue from the heart of an embryo chicken. Each forty-eight hours it is transferred into a fresh fluid. It has kept growing all these years. Under the microscope it is seen to pulsate. A short time ago Dr. P. Le Comte de Nouy, assistant to Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, sailing for a Pasteur Centenary at Strasbourg, said: "I am taking with me the secret of eternal life. It is this: bathe and feed the cells every day."

"The two goals of the Alchemists—the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life."

GENERAL REVOLT OF THE COLONIES

Education and the Great War Have Left the Subject Races Bent on Self-Determination

By SIR A. MAURICE LOW

SATRAPS and Pro-Consuls had an easier time governing their provinces than Viceroys and Governors General have today. Conquered people never took very kindly to the rule of their alien masters, but when they revolted against decrees or resisted the tax gatherer drastic coercion swiftly followed. There were disciplined armies to move against the unarmed rabble, and spear and buckler in the hands of legions were more effective than pikes or knives in the hands of patriots. Later there were rifles and guns to be turned against natives with clubs or antiquated weapons when they were foolish enough to question the wisdom of the superior race. After the lesson was learned and men were mentioned in dispatches and the Commander-in-Chief was rewarded with a title and the decorations were distributed, peace settled over the scene until a new patriot arose and civilization once more rode upon a gun carriage.

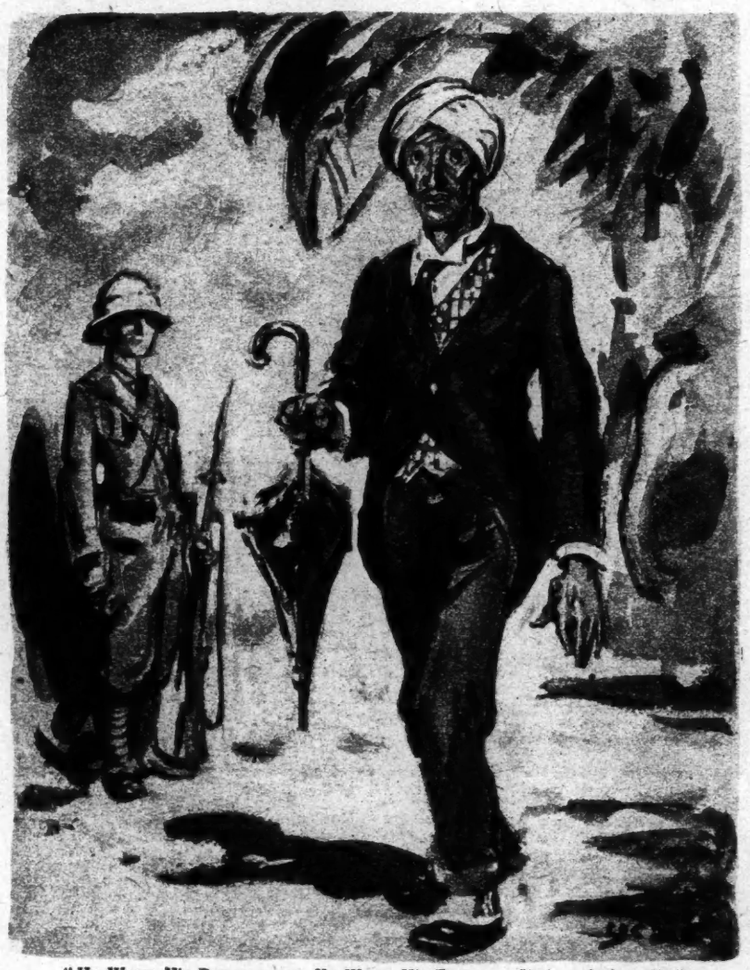
In every quarter of the world where the white man rules over black and brown and yellow, there is today the same story. There is unrest, dissatisfaction, rebellion against the constituted authorities, natives insistent upon self-determination, subject races no longer content to be wards, but clamorously and passionately demanding independence and the right to govern themselves without alien interference. These are no tranquil days for the Governors of colonies, who have something else to do besides exhibiting their magnificence before awed and subservient subjects impressed by the might visualized in the person of the Governor General. England has her troubles in India. The United States meets opposition in the Philippines. France has a problem in Syria. Japan's mission of civilization in Formosa and Korea encounters many obstacles. Wherever you turn it is the same: native races asserting themselves and white races struggling to retain their hold.

What has brought about this state of affairs? A cynic might say it is the result of education. One of the early royal Governors of Virginia uttered his pious thanks thus: "There are no free schools nor printing; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God save us from both." If Sir William Berkeley knows what is going on in this mundane sphere he must congratulate himself on his wisdom. The once peaceful and contented native has become a restless agitator preaching heresy, and the best of all governments trembles.

The old idea of a colony, which was taught by the Romans, was something to be exploited. It was a mine to be worked, and the quicker the riches were extracted the better. The owners of the mine, the natives, were never considered. If they got in the way and were annoying they were killed, or driven out, or enslaved; if they behaved themselves they might work for their conquerors for the lowest wages and have even that miserable pittance taken away from them by the tax gatherer. The United States in its younger days had no Colonies, but it was not false to the tradition. It killed the Indian when he interfered with progress and drove him off his lands. The Colonial system was the wisdom of earlier statesmen. There might today be no America if there had been no colonists!

This was the way of the world for a good many generations until there came reformers. Some one has said "the world is so much simpler for bigots than for philosophers"; and for both it is easier than for the reformer, with his mad passion for correcting evils instead of blowing them away with an edict or an axiom. Education has been the undoing of more than one man, and the reformer must needs educate the native. Hence all our present discontents.

When they began to educate the native there was brought about that problem which Kipling tells of in the story of "Lispeth." When the Chaplain's wife adopted the hill girl, whose people wore a dirty rag and a nose stud, and little else, she developed into a stately goddess, five foot ten in her shoes. Then began the problem. You can't ask a stately goddess to clean plates and dishes. The Chaplain's wife suggested that the girl should go to Simla and become a nurse, but that made no appeal to Lispeth. She preferred to fall in love with an Englishman.



"He Wears His Democracy as He Wears His European Clothes, Awkwardly."

Much the same thing has happened with the native. We have been educating him for a good many years now. First we taught him the rudiments, and, like Lispeth, incidentally, we taught him to wash daily and a few more of the primitive virtues. What we had done seemed good, so we took the hand of our pupil and walked with him a little further. We established higher courses of education, we founded colleges and universities; we induced some of the young Indians to go to Oxford and Cambridge, where they learned to play excellent cricket and developed a critical sense in passing upon the charms of Gaiety girls. In a word, they came as near being Anglicized as it is possible for men of their race to be, and, Berkeley to the contrary, we saw the vindication of education.

Having done that we must do still a little more. We said the way to make them contented with their lot was to give them a share in their own Government which would make them forget they were subjects, and a Viceroy and a Secretary of State for India and a King-Emperor were all powerful. So we gave them offices and appointed them on the Viceroy's Council, and more recently erected a Legislature to which native members are elected by native electors.

Turn from India to the Philippines and you find almost the same state of affairs. When the Spaniards colonized a few centuries ago they preached the Cross of the Christ with the sword, for they were as intent in saving the soul of the heathen as they were in increasing the glory of the reigning Catholic Majesty. When the flag of Spain fluttered down the new symbol of sovereignty was the spectacled schoolmaster and the spelling book. The little red school house replaced the blockhouse. You did what we did. You educated the native and encouraged him to take a share in his own Government. You ruled him with the lightest hand, as a benevolent father who gives advice to his children and not as a tyrant who grinds the face of his subjects.

The effect of this in India, the Philippines and elsewhere is that the native says if he is good enough to be a postman, a telegraph operator, a tramcar conductor, an engineer, a local Magistrate, a member of the Legislature, the adviser of the Governor General or the Viceroy, then he is good enough to rule himself without the assistance of the ruling race. In fact, he is a good deal better. He is a native, he thinks in the terms of the native, knows what the native wants and what is best for him, while his ruler is always an alien. There is an unbridgable gulf between East and West, even although contact is close and frequent. At heart the West is democratic and the spirit of democracy rules it; centuries of tradition have imbued the Oriental with the spirit of caste and veneration for classes.

The vivid imagination of the Oriental, to whom novelty is as alluring as a new toy to an intelligent child, seizes upon democracy as a cure to remedy all his ills, but it is never more than the veneer of his superimposed civilization. He wears his democracy as he wears his European clothes, awkwardly, without dignity, embarrassed by their confinement and the subtleties of wasteful pockets. Imitative to a marked degree, if democracy has made England powerful and America unconquerable, then, he says, it will bring him the same prestige, and he will enjoy the fear and respect of the white man, whom he envies but seldom likes.

Hence there springs up among the educated, deeply saturated with the philosophy of the mysterious East; the half educated, swinging from their old moorings and not yet at harbor in the new; the ambitious, with their half-baked ideas and a jumble of Western lore, a passionate desire for independence. Hence we have the cry running around the world for self-government. "India for the Indians," "Philippines for the Filipinos," "Egypt for the Egyptians," and so on. Korea appeals to the world to be liberated from Japanese thralldom. Formosa demands a Diet. And in every dependency and colony there is a fruitful field for the agitator. Once we introduce the idea of democracy to a subject people we have to see it practiced with all its refinements. A free press and free speech are a matter of course. Men may not be challenged for their political opinions. The right of the press to cast ridicule upon Government and weaken its authority is legitimate as an expression of honest opinion. The native, with his smattering of education, who has failed in his examination or been disappointed in his appointment, naturally turns to agitation or the writing of seditious pamphlets. In the old days there were jails, the unlimited power of a Governor; today there are statutes and writs of habeas corpus and a sensitive public opinion.

The war, yes, the war is to no small extent responsible for this ferment of the native mind. To the native there was something terrible about the power of the white man. It was beyond calculation. It was illimitable. With his great ships and their heavy guns, his armies, his artillery, he was irresistible. The war came and the native saw the white man tearing himself to pieces, in his fighting not very different from the black or yellow man, only more frightful. He won a battle or was defeated, but, except in degree, it was as the wars between tribes. The god of battles was still on the side of the heaviest battalions and the warriors who showed the greatest skill or displayed the most courage. There was nothing peculiar about the white man's god.

But the natives saw something that in a few months was to undo the work of decades. It had always been considered too dangerous for the supremacy of the ruling race to use native troops against the whites, for if the whites were defeated the myth of the invincible European was destroyed. England was careful in the restricted employment of her native regiments to keep them out of the zone of the real theatre of war, although they could be usefully used, under white officers, against their fellow-natives. The war overturned all precedents as it violated all traditions. We hired Chinese coolies, not to fight in the trenches, but to work in them and behind the lines. We sent troops from India to Palestine. France sent her African levies to the European battleground.

The East was electrified. Her people were fighting in a white man's war against the white man. It seized Oriental imagination. The slow moving mind of the East was astir; through the bazaars and in cantonments, over campfires and in bivouacs, swarthy men, copper-colored men, men with yellow faces, with no common tongue, talked the common subject. It was a new day. The West in her peril had called unto the East to be saved. The West, it was to be presumed, would be grateful, but the East would never forget.

The occasion for the showing of gratitude has come sooner than was perhaps expected. In the British Kenya colony of South Africa racial antagonism quickly flared up. Indians had gone there and claimed the rights of British subjects and the whites stoutly resisted them. South Africa should be a white man's empire. The dispute was becoming dangerous and the British Government settled it in favor of the whites, whereupon Srinivasa Sastri, who was the Indian delegate to the Washington Naval Conference, one of the products of modern education, passionately declared: "The people of India are no longer equal partners in the British Commonwealth, but unredeemed helots in a Boer Empire. I can no longer resist the feeling that we have been used in peril and thrown aside in security."

One excuse is as good as another. It is the color line in Kenya. It is Governor Wood's interference in the Philippines. It is the crushing weight of bureaucracy and oppressive taxation in India. Excuses merely. The real reason is colonies are no longer in leading strings. They have been educated to realize their own power. They would exert it.

AL MIACO, DEAN OF CLOWNS

Threescore and Six Years in the Tanbark Ring

By ROSE G. SZEWC

AL MIACO, the greatest Humpty-Dumpty of the American tanbark ring, has made his last grimace, after serving his ancient art for threescore and six years.

A nine-year-old lad, Alfred Frisbie, ran away from his home in Cortland, N. Y., seventy years ago to join the spangles-and-sawdust route of the Yankee Robinson Circus, which had pitched its big top on a lot in the vicinity. The boys and girls of a generation ago remember him by his nom d'arena, "Al Miaco, the dean of circus clowns."

In his long life no call was more imperative than the cry of the ballyhoo man and the thud of the galloping horses, for to him the clown part was a life work, entered into with all the fervor of a Booth playing Hamlet. He won the reputation of being the greatest Shakespearean clown the "white top" has ever known, and he enjoyed that reputation fifty years before Charlie Chaplin revived intellectual interest in buffoonery.

Strength, skill and beauty form the basis of the entertainment that attracts circus and hippodrome goers, yet clowns have always been the most popular members of the motley cast. They represent an art as old as the theatre itself. Pantomime, much appreciated in early France and England, dates back to the days of the ancient Hebrews and Egyptians. It figured in Greek drama and it was introduced into Rome in the reign of Augustus. Consequently buffoonery has a tradition as old as history. A story is told about one of the Roman Emperors who, when asked what profession he should choose were he not occupying his exalted rank, replied: "I would be a pantomimist; for, being a citizen of the world, he needs no interpreter." Roman pantomime died with the glory of the empire.

In the fifteenth century the clown appeared in the Commedia dell-arte, in a character known as Arlecchino, originally a blundering, loutish fellow. This character and a few of his grotesque posturing family migrated into England and France, but only three personages of the Commedia dell-arte of the Italian theatre survive. During many centuries these puppets have moved through every phase of romance, opera and literature. The make-up of the modern pantomimist is based upon one of these characters, whether it be Pierrot the coward, Harlequin the crafty, or, between them, the bewitching Columbine.

Pantaloon of the baggy trousers and several other grotesque figures in the original Italian pantomime represented the peculiarities of different Italian townsmen. Thus Scapin was a take-off on the hare-brained Neapolitan. The pantomime of the Italians served as a corde elastique upon which were balanced various singers, prestidigitators and music makers, resulting in a mixture of diversions.

Of these Humpty-Dumpty was the most important, and he and Pantaloon carried on the low comedy. Harlequin and Columbine were always lithe and graceful, moving in the rhythm of grotesque dance or in beautiful transformation poses. These characters were transplanted to the American stage in the harlequinade, Humpty-Dumpty combining the traits of Polinchelle and Pierrot. Scapin, Scarsmouche, the Captain and Coviello were never represented. Our American taste has wandered from this entertainment of another generation, yet there has always been a Humpty-Dumpty somewhere in the tanbark ring.

Pantomime appeared in England at Covent Garden Theatre in the eighteenth century. Even the great Garrick sponsored it. He introduced Signor Giuseppi Grimaldi, father of the "immortal Joe," the greatest clown the world has ever known. For a long time the son played Humpty-Dumpty in London pantomimes.

In the nineteenth century Al Miaco gained favor as a master of the art, and to him is due much of the credit for the technique peculiar to the American sawdust mimicry. He did not depend upon acrobatic feats alone for success. So side-splittin; were his witticisms and Shakespearean drolleries that his absence from the ring caused the audience to sulk.

Yankee Robinson, with whom Miaco first saw service as utility boy, was a circus autocrat as far back as the early sixties. The Sells Brothers and Adam Forepaugh flourished at this time, and Barnum and Bailey were laying the foundation of the "greatest show on earth." Circuses traveled from town to town in wagons, leaving one lot about 3 o'clock in the morning to spread the "big top" in the next town at dawn. No run was more than twenty miles. The clowns were always an important part of the street parade preceding the performance in the tent.

In "The Autobiography of a Clown," written several years ago, appear the following words concerning Miaco:

"He was a real king's jester and wore cap and bells. He knows more lines of Shakespeare than most students, and today he reads Ben Jonson and Byron under the tent flaps while waiting for his turn. He is one of the survivals of the good old days, for he was and still is a real artist, and in pantomime he is today unexcelled. Miaco is nearly 70, yet he can twist his foot around his neck with the ease and agility of a youngster. With all his love of learning and his remarkable knowledge of books, he is a white-faced clown. He makes grimaces at the people every day and he is glad he is doing it."

According to George Cole, an old-time acrobat and trapeze performer of Ringling Brothers', "Miaco was not only a great and grotesque clown but also an excellent leaper, a contortionist, a clever trapeze acrobat and student of Shakespeare. He acquired great fame among the profession while with the Risley Family, Thayer & Noyes Circus, Cameron's Orientals, Smith's Crescent City Circus, 'The Black Crook,' and later with Barnum & Bailey, where he remained for thirty-four years. It was he who originated the trick of blowing fire out of his nose and the famous break-away-woman act."

Ringling Brothers' Circus Clown Troupe—Al Miaco as "Czar of High Stilts," Dressed as a Sailor, Right Rear.

Courtesy George Cole Dancing Studio.

Miaco's drollery was irresistible and won for him the friendship of the Booths and other great tragedians of that day. John Wilkes Booth, who shot Abraham Lincoln, was well known to him. The evening of the assassination Miaco met the actor at a restaurant and commented upon his absence from the theatre. Booth smiled and with a wild fire in his eyes replied: "I'm leaving the stage tonight, and when I do all the world will know it." And it did.

"Every clown act must be a story, and every step in the career of a clown is hard work," said Mrs. Miaco as she recounted the long years in the circus. "To be a wonderful clown one must be a good pantomimist. Like poets, good clowns are born, not made. In the early days it also required acrobatic training, for many arduous physical feats fell to the lot of the clown. Those were the days of talking clowns, since the circus was much smaller than today. The drolleries were designed to guy the ringmaster. As the circus grew bigger the talking clown lost out and was obliged to depend upon his acrobatic tricks and grotesque antics to reach his audience.

"The traditional white make-up, the eyebrows indicated in angles of eloquence that would shame a cubist, scarlet lips, a peaked hat or the tight-fitting skull cap, the slapstick or a flat baton and a fresh supply of jokes and wit for each performance constituted the clown's stock in trade for many decades.

"Since the advent of the clown into the American tanbark ring, the mule driven by this character has invariably been named January. He was generally hitched to a small red cart with the huddled-in, careless driver at the reins. 'Whoa, January' was sufficient to provoke multitudinous applause, and as the clown proceeded to get into an argument with the ringmaster over the superiority of their respective steeds the huge tent fairly rocked with laughter."

Even clowns have hearts, and no matter how agile and nimble of foot, they fall victims to the arrows of the world's oldest archer, Cupid. On July 2, 1857, at Cairo, Ill, Miaco was married to Laura Smith an accomplished trapeze performer, who later became the bewitching Columbine to his enticing Harlequin. While playing at Joliet Ill., in 1882, the world's great mimic, Tony Denier, whose understudy young Miaco had been, presented him with a gold medal bearing the inscription, "From the master mimic of the world to Alfred Frisbie Miaco, czar of the high stilts. The man who has sense enough to play the fool."

The now gray-haired and faded Columbine of fifty years ago, with a tear and a sigh to punctuate the pages of her life's history, unrolled the scroll of Al Miaco's young romance.

"It was while I was doing the 'balancing trapeze' and 'scene' acts in my father's Crescent City Circus that I first met Al Miaco. He had already gained popularity as the coming Shakespearean clown. This was a great clown period in the history of the American circus, and clowning had reached the zenith of its glory. The mere mention of a few names of the early days brings back memories of sawdust triumphs. Dan Rice was doing an act with a trained pig. In addition to being a clown, he was a daring equestrian, and also owned a 'floating circus,' as the river shows were sometimes called.

"The Grimaldi of America was George L. Fox, who had been a skilled actor before he adopted pantomime. He was the original American Humpty-Dumpty, playing the part two thousand times in New York alone. Then there were the great Tony Denier, John Lawlow and Billy Burke, father of our famous Billie Burke."

Behind the jest of the clown there is often the pang of sorrow. In 1921 the merry old man, whose bones still served the keen wit which remained, hastened across the continent to the bedside of his son, Steve, who was dying as the result of an accident met while following the family profession. The old clown arrived too late. The heart broke within the man who had made millions glad. The tinsel and the lights, the applause and glamour were no more for Al Miaco. A stroke of paralysis followed, which forced him to retire from the ring.

Consolation remained to him in a Grandson, Al Renton, billed in the circus as a clown, and a great-grandson, preparing for the career which the original Miaco made so famous. For three years the Columbine of his youth was his faithful nurse and stood by him until the last curtain fell.

SHY LITTLE BOOKSHOPS

THE second-hand bookshops of New York have a tendency to get together in groups, like shy young men in a ballroom.

Probably the three principal of these groups are in Vesey Street below Trinity Church, in Fourth Avenue south of Fourteenth Street, and in Fifty-ninth Street east of Fifth Avenue. There are minor groups in other parts of town.

All of these shops of magic and mystery are equal to the bookworm's purse, but they are not all equal to his taste. There are second-hand booksellers whom all the window boxes and dusty shelves in the world could not dignify. There are some who will greet a customer with the servile manners of the huckster, but there are others, thank the Lord, who will bite his head off ere ever he sticks his nose in. Generally the quality of service is in inverse ratio to the quantity of courtesy.

Within the musty, dusty walls of Manhattan's bookshops all ages and sexes and purses meet in pure democracy, so they be but bookworms in their hearts and souls. There you will find the earnest-eyed seeker after Dumas' "Three Musketeers" and the dear old lady who wants Homer's "Iliad" and inquires anxiously if they have a first edition. There is the shabby young man who buys a million dollars' worth for fifteen cents; and beside him is the shopgirl who, with a ten-cent treasure in hand, feels as rich as Mrs. Croesus. Here you will find no talk of dollars, but eloquent silences, eyes shining, and wistful glances toward the books one would like to buy but can't.

Many good books are bought on the way to the quick lunches of Manhattan, where one can season one's humble meal with anticipation and dream magnificently on buns and milk. You can always tell the patron of the second-hand bookshops at his lunch, because he eats with one hand and reads with the other. One incorrigible breakfasts at a little restaurant in Greenwich Village and roves through all time and space in company with the elect. The pretty waitress may bring him anything she likes, so it can but be eaten with one hand.

The bookworms of Manhattan will not grudge the lament that their meccas of dust and high thinking do not have the background of the old bookshops of Merrie England. There be some who read this who will sigh when the glories of Holywell Street in the Strand in London are recalled; no mere scattering of second-hand bookshops amid sellers of foolish useful merchandise, but a whole street of them, packed solid on either side, the very Mecca of the book lover's pilgrimage, now, alas! destroyed by harsh time and circumstance to make way for the march of progress.

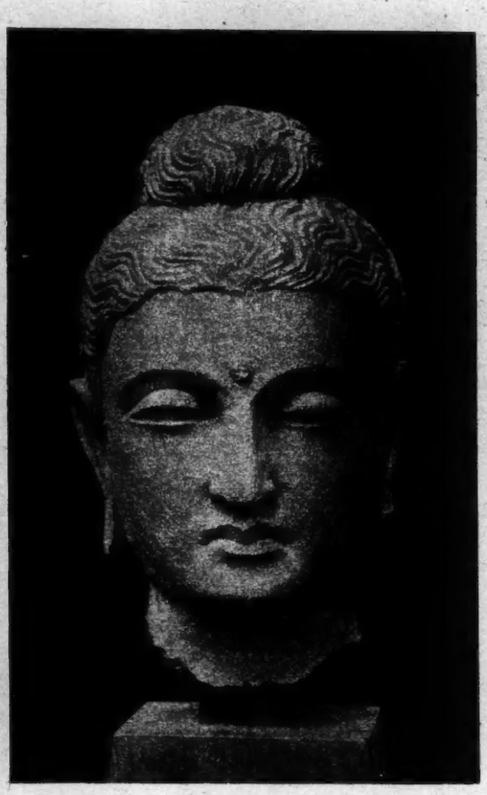
There was a second-hand bookshop of incomparable dustiness on the hill above Victoria Square in Montreal. Picken was the name of the old hero who kept it. When you went there it was not a question of whether he had or had not the book you wanted; but a question of whether he liked you. If he did you might live there rent free till the trumpets began to blow for Judgment Day and he would never sound your purse. Now he is keeping a second-hand bookshop somewhere on the slopes of Parnassus, where the ghostly bookworms of all the ages foregather, I doubt not, to give him talk to his liking.

The bookworm proper is not of any age or country or time, but just bookworm. His life is bounded by the horizon of books, wherein all true men may meet in equality. One recalls a multi-millionaire who built railways and loved books. There is a famous General who is voted a dull fellow at a dinner party until some chance remark about books wakens his soul to life. There are many people of that kind: hard-headed business men, politicians, and Heaven knows what other iniquities of occupation on the surface, but bookworms deep in their hearts.

The incomparable Elia says there are many book-shaped things that he cannot concede to be books. In the category he includes scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes, and particularly all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without." He longs to strip them "and warm my ragged veterans in their good leather."

Lamb was a haunter of second-hand bookshops. It was he who wrote of the poor devils who, not having the wherewithal to buy books, must needs filch their contents at the stalls: venturing tenderly page after page, as he says, and snatching a fearful joy until the owner of the shop shall fall Jovian-like upon their impudence.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Collections of the Art of India Lithographs by Jean Veber*



"Head of Gautama Buddha."

From Ross Collection in Boston Museum.

IN spite of all the attempts that have been made to throw upon the religions of the East an illumination sufficient to make plain their character for the West, profound ignorance still prevails. The word "Nirvana" still signifies for the larger number of those who lightly use it a state of sloth, an idle indifference, an escape from responsibility. The many-limbed deities of the Indian artist are grouped with the grotesques of European sculpture in the Middle Ages. Brahman is given but one definition: Believer in Brahma.

Gradually, through the accumulation of objects of art, followed as the night by day, by explanations and discussions, fogs will clear. The writings of Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Keeper of Indian and Mohammedan Art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, already have done much. His catalogue of the Indian collections in the museum will do more. No one reading attentively the text of the recently issued volume can be pardoned for a subsequent slipshod reading of the sculptures therein considered.

Nevertheless, the philosophy and religion underlying Indian art are so richly complicated, so deeply involved, that every one may be pardoned for finding even this simplified and lucid interpretation difficult to realize in its wide significance. But it lays the foundation for a fair general conception, adequate at least to arouse the keenest interest in the sculptures and to bring the public into a less formal, more sympathetic relation to them than has existed.

The general introduction carries the reader from the Vedic period of a culture at once pastoral and warlike, becoming in the eighth century a well-established orthodoxy with a privileged priesthood, through the spiritual movement finding expression in the new ideas of the Upanishads, to the enlightened teachings of Buddha and Jina.

The mind of the reader is prepared to entertain the ideas that find expression in Indian art, practically in all Indian art, as the author is at pains to tell us that the sculptor of India was no individualist, seeking, as our artists seek, for a means of self-expression, but a craftsman, always impersonal, always working from a "model" that consists of a vivid mental image determined by hieratic tradition, always feeling back of his work the unanimous consciousness of the race, as the priest feels back of him the body of the Church. It is carefully explained, with more than a hint of irony directed against the "artistic temperament" and its claims, that the Hindu artist "belongs to the bourgeoisie, and should be a God-fearing, well-conducted householder, like any other professional man"; as "unconventionality in India is tolerated only in a saint." As in other occupational castes, the sculptors are associated in a kind of guild organization, with a system of apprenticeship and economic protection; the tradition is handed down in pupiliary succession, and no amateur is permited to practice.

Before discussing the sculptures in their multitudinous detail, the philosophy inspiring them is outlined with enough of emphasis upon the most significant lines to suggest the opulent interior modeling of mysticism and thought. At the heart, of course, is the cardinal doctrine of the unity of all life, a unity to which is given the name Brahman. The Brahman is neither good nor evil, is the spirit of life which we find in ourselves and in all else when every atom of the accidental and particular is removed and we sink out of experience and personality into the deep source of life.

The method of empirical knowledge was immediately applied to this doctrine of spiritual freedom, power to attain which became the goal of innumerable teachers and followers, while doctrine after doctrine was added to the fundamental teaching until the mental image of the interior religious life resembles the many-armed and many-headed gods found in Indian sculpture.

The problem for the enlisted student is to trace the development of this mental image through the forms given us by the devoted and obedient imagists. The Buddhā, the young prince who through natural predilection and the weariness of luxury brought an ascetic ideal of progressive renunication into the formalism of his age, became the object of ardent worship. His intellectual asceticism which found complete satisfaction in seeking release from this world of "Becoming" was superseded in the popular mind by the desire for an image that could be worshipped as a god. The earlier forms of so-called Buddhist art omitted any figure or ikon of the Buddha himself, who was represented only by symbols. In the later forms not only the figure of the Buddha is created and developed, but representations of the Bodhisattvas—beings destined to attain ultimate Buddhahood, but abstaining from entering Nirvana in order that in birth after birth they may enlighten others—are worshipped almost more fervently than the man Gautama, the first great Buddha to emerge from the universal spirit in order to show the way back to this spiritual unity. What Gautama evolved by thought becomes a religion of mysticism, and innumerable forms arise into which flows the spirit of life.

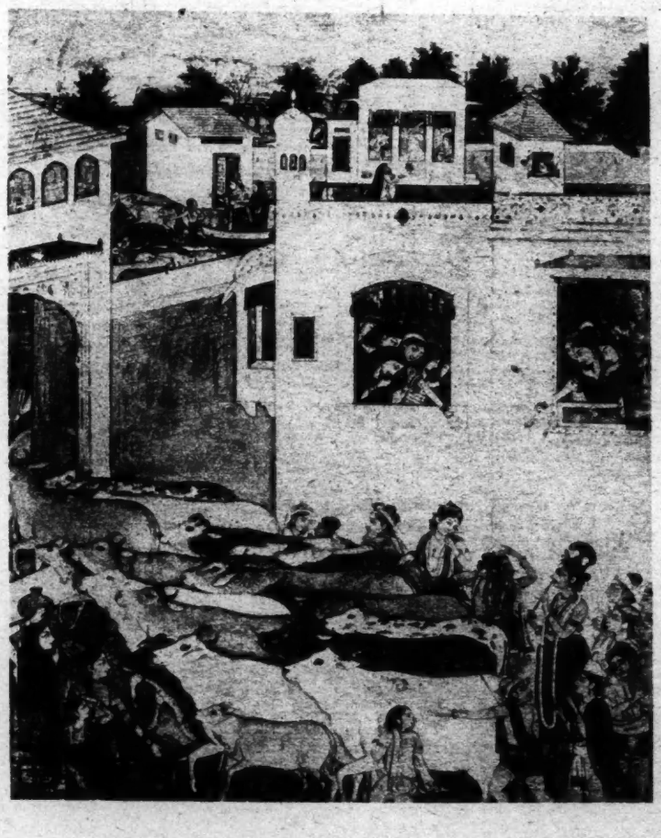
The Western mind finds difficulty in ascribing to the gestures and postures, continually repeated in the Buddhist sculpture, the degree of significance they possess for the Eastern believer, but to those initiated the Buddha seated cross-legged in the attitude most conducive to mediation is the Buddha of Buddhas, all others having a secondary importance. The working out of this attitude was of more than ritualistic significance. It was based upon a thorough understanding of physical requirements. Unless the thinker were able to forget his physical body and his surroundings he could not concentrate his thought upon that release from empirical consciousness desired by him. The following description is quoted from the Bhagavad Gita to illustrate the connection between the posture and the religious idea:

"Abiding alone and in a secret place, without craving and without possessions, he shall take his seat upon a firm seat, neither overhigh nor overlow, and with the working of the mind and senses held in check, with body, head and neck maintained in perfect equipoise, looking not round about him, so let him meditate and thereby reach the peace of the Abyss; and the likeness of one such who knows the boundless joy that lies beyond the senses and is grasped by intuition, and who swerves not from the truth, is that of a lamp in a windless place that does not flicker."

A clear understanding of the thought lying back of this traditional attitude not only helps the observer to appreciate the importance of the pose, but to discriminate between the works in which it is presented with authentic power and those in which it obviously has been misunderstood. In an article written some years ago for the Burlington Magazine, Dr. Coomeraswamy points out the difference between a Buddha of Gandhara sculpture

"Siva as teacher of music."

From "Portfolio of Indian Art" published in Boston by E. Weyhe.



"The hour of cowdust."

From the Ross Collection in the Boston Museum.

and the seated Buddha of primitive Indian art, the latter conveying the impression, essential to the idea, of complete physical repose and stability, the former showing the figure uncomfortably and insecurely balanced upon a lotus-flower base far too small for it.

The Boston collections are wide in range. Many representations of Gautama Buddha, of Siva and of Vishnu, of feminine divinities, Bodhisattvas, mythical monsters, animals, classical melodies personified as gods or goddesses. With the aid of the catalogue, it will be possible to consider these somewhat from the point of view of those for whom they were made and who thought of them never as works of art, always as images of religious ideas. On the other hand, it is impossible for us now to consider them in this light alone. The monumental works of the early sculptors, with their compact and massive forms, their energy of expression, their power in repose, cannot be other than moving to the modern mind, surfeited with trivialities. The more comprehensive one's understanding of the significance of such works the more extended one's pleasure, but the esthetic significance may be felt by any sensitive mind without preparation or special knowledge. The remarkably fine illustrations of the handsome Museum catalogue communicate almost the emotion awakened by the originals, at least where recollection of the originals stimulates the imagination.

A less magnificent but remarkably comfortable and efficient publication, dealing with the same material and extending the examples to include paintings and textiles, is the "Portfolio of Indian Art" issued by E. Weyhe in New York. The notes for the plates are by Dr. Coomaraswamy, but there are no introductory chapters and the physical appearance is far less satisfactory.

One of the plates is an illustration of an especially charming Pahari picture, in which the lovable wild Krishna of the Northwest valleys is depicted as a cowherd, walking with crown and flute behind the dappled beasts streaming through a gateway into an enclosure. Other cowherds accompany him, and there is music of flute and tambourine. In front of the herd walk women, who look back at the brilliant group of young men. Above the latter rise the walls of typical Rajput buildings, plain walls with sudden windows jutting out, with balconies and arches, sparse surface ornament, the refinement of simplicity. In a small upper pavilion sits the foster-father of Krishna with companions. The color is described as pure and bright, with luminous whites and effective notes of black. Even in the reproduction a sense of gayety is communicated, a note of festival such as cheerful, simple people give to their everyday occupations. Dr. Coomaraswamy has quoted a stanza from the story of Hir and Ranjha to describe the pastoral scene:

When they troop home, our tiny street
Wears beauty like a diadem,
Though mean enough before.

Passing from India to Paris, we pass from inner to outer sophistication. Perhaps nothing is less sophisticated than the mind of a Paris artist, especially if he is a humorist, most especially if he is Jean Veber. At the Fitz Roy Carrington Print Galleries presently will be exhibited a group of tolerably modern French lithographs. Gavarni will rule the group, but Veber will be there, and with so much to say about Gavarni, it is wise to take a moment in advance for Veber, who belongs to the Breughel line. One has only to look at the amazingly childish print "Les maisons sont des visages" to see this. Its childishness is just the point of contact with the earlier fantasist, yet there is a sharp difference between the two points of view. In the Veber print human nature is "monkeyfied" as in Breughel's work. Houses are given human faces, hideous, grotesque, swollen human faces, which we compare with our own less hideous, more normal, more clearly cut faces greatly to the advantage of our vanity. Hence we laugh. It is so amusing to see houses that look like ourselves but uglier. It would be to weep if the artist had made his houses with faces more beautiful than ours. We laugh at an ugliness that tickles our sensitively hidden vanity. At least that is the way the clever French psychologist, Paul Gaultier, has explained it. The only flaw in the reasoning is that in Veber's print of the humanized houses there is nothing that makes us laugh. In the foreground you see, near the street pump, a little goosegirl, oblivious of her frightened, squawking flock, oblivious because she is herself in deadly fear. She stands in her big sabots, her loosely streaming hair and thick skirts blown by a violent, menacing wind, portent of strange happenings. Her stout little hands are pressed against her stout little face. She is very young and horribly frightened, and it is pity for her condition that stirs you, not the laughter of vanity. Jean Veber was too throughly, too elementally a child, to miss the note in favor of a psychological sophistry.

He is always a trifle pathetic about children. He insistently demands your sympathy for the schoolboy whose maman, from the safe shelter of the most beautiful bed curtains in the whole world of prints, is hearing him his lesson, his lesson which he does not know. Your sympathy at once responds. Who could keep his mind upon a stupid parroting of lesson when there before him a menagerie of lovely elephants and wild horses and apes and exotic birds strayed in softest sanguine over that fascinating "toile" of Eastern pattern? There is maman, her hair of mahogany red, her pretty head propped on a plump hand, and further supported by downy pillows with embroidered edgings; a deeply quilted and tufted coverlid, her voluminous peignoir hanging over an armchair, a luxurious fur rug by the side of the bed, a bedside table with a breakfast set casually disposed, and against all this comfort and unlessoned ease the little dull boy, his hands behind his back, his smock drooping stiffly over a corpulent little form, taking after that of maman, his school bag yawning on the rug. Who could fail to make the intended choice, especially as Veber has taken pains to spell temper in the quizzical pursing of the motherly lips. In another impression he has dotted this particular "i" with a remarque showing the irritated maman roused to active fury and throwing the textbook after a fleeing child. The remarque dies hard in France, and its charm is deathless. One finds it again in the print of the doleful housewife, making up her list of supplies from a plainer bed, although with curtains hardly less lovely, and with the happy addition of a cat perched on the blankets. That she is doleful finds its explanation in the "business" of the remarques.

The lithotint—it seems to be that—of the French humorists trying to break in through an academic door already passed by Daumier is in a different vein. There is no caption, and you may read it as you please. But there are the humorists, each with a local physiognomy and a name—Veber himself, raised eyebrows and concave nose, Léandre cursing, Forain with his broad actor's mouth, Willette like an angry Bishop. There is the door through which the troop is endeavoring to push an entrance, held valiantly by a quaint figure of masquerade. And on the near side are two solemn Daumier judges, delicious parodies of the greater master. A jolly associative print, but not much more than that, in spite of the well-disposed patches of white.

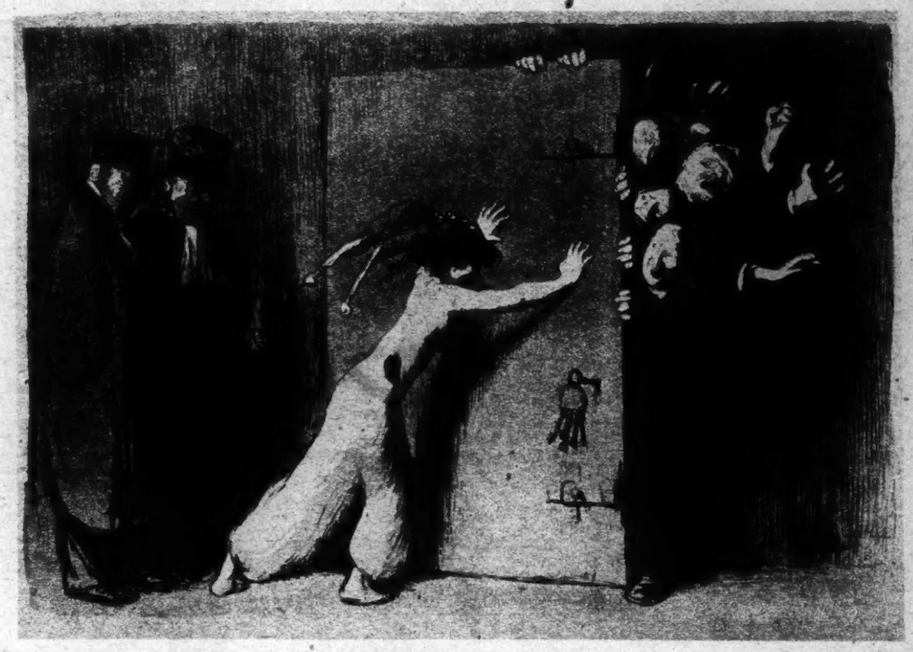
A much finer thing as art is the little print "Adam and Eve," a greedy Adam crawling on all fours to munch the apple given him by the gracile Gallic Eve, whose round slimness is a triumph of modeling outline.

There are several other prints, some rather tiresome, others cheaply vulgar, but the best proclaiming the youthful spirit and the mature craftsmanship of the artist, a spirit that contents itself with the obvious mishap or the inverted joke and makes no deep search for malformations of the soul. Where Forain, and even Daumier, strips the mask from our shrinking reality, Veber comes up with a mask of his own making and invites you to the ball.

One of the French caricaturists who used the lithographic medium and is the contemporary of Veber apparently will not appear in the forthcoming exhibition, and really should appear, since he shows a side of human nature and of French art missed by the others. He shows the deformities of human nature, but with what an ingratiating line!

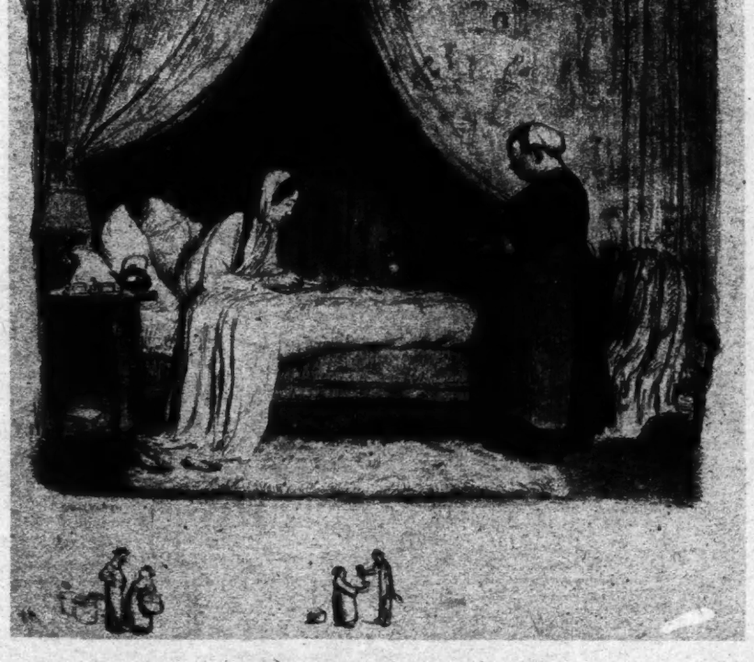
Hermann-Paul belongs by birth to the upper bourgeoisie. His father was a physician and wished that his son become one. In the case of the son, however, the investigating, appraising, intent observation of a good physician was turned to the service of art and made to communicate naked truth often as unwelcome to a self-deluding public as an accurate diagnosis of disease is to a self-deluding patient. Hermann-Paul went through his academic training, then started upon his own road, which carried him everywhere. No spectacle of contemporary life was uninteresting to him. He walked the streets observing everything, working indefatigably with mind and pencil, filling his notebook with caustic comments upon his fellowmen and rather especially his fellowwomen. He has no malice, apparently no prejudices. He is concerned only with his affair of telling the exact truth. That he tells it beautifully seems to be more or less a matter of accident, but of course is a matter of labor sharp and hard, backed by genius.

One of his critics has summed him up by the comparative method: "He does not possess the ironic grace of Gavarni," he says, "or the playfulness of Cham, or the laughing imagination of Grandville, or the raciness of Toepffer, or the rustling gallantry of Grévin; his pencil is brutal and incisive; he dedicates himself to the sullen imitation of nature." Hardly this. It is rather the scornful reading of nature, an annotated edition of nature, in which the notes add to the documentary value of the text. If only Mr. Carrington could have got hold of that wonderful print, "Mariage Bourgeois: La voiture de noce"! The bride and bridegroom an epitome of all those for whom the altar has meant a rise in self-esteem. Or the "Réunion électorale," in which the thoughts of the after-dinner speaker obviously are far too deep for any words at his command. How would it be to reunite the best that has been said and done in the nineteenth century of French caricature? Provided a large enough gallery is to be found for the vast number of masterpieces that would emerge.



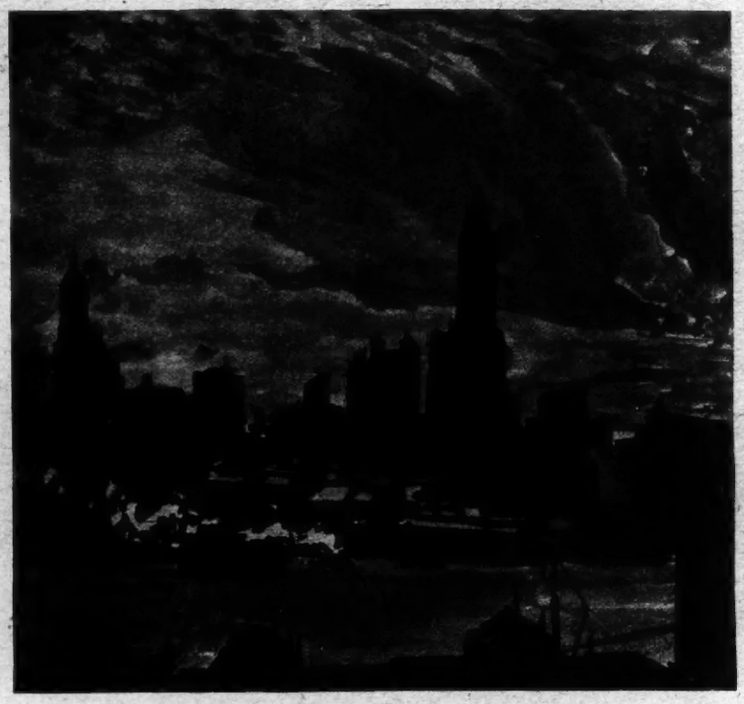
"Les Humoristes." By Jean Veber.

In Exhibition at the Fitz Roy Carrington Print Gallery.



"La Menagere Dolente." By Jean Veber.

In Exhibition at the Fitz Roy Carrington Print Gallery.



"New York Skyline at Night."
Drawn by Charles Locke.

NEW YORK BY MOONLIGHT

A Vision of Deserted Streets and Towers Downtown

By AVERY STRAKOSCH

MOST of us, finding ourselves city-bound at night, gaze at the moon and long for the country; for the velvety quiet of pastoral night, the silhouette of young trees traced against a star-shot sky like black lace against a dancer's spangled hose, and the shadowy depths of mysterious lanes sweet with grassy odors.

But if our vagabond spirit is willing to accommodate itself to cramped surroundings, our poetically embroidered thoughts are not dispelled by frowning miles of crowded architecture, it is possible for us to see wonders of beauty in the moonlit city.

Going down Broadway from the north at midnight or in the earlier hours of morning one discovers a deserted metropolis, its silence as absolute as that of the countryside, its streets filled with pure loneliness. The human ants of the day have gone.

Defiant stands the Woolworth Building, its whiteness daring comparison with the moon's. John Street, Maiden Lane, Liberty Street and William Street are bathed in an aura; and Pine Street, joining Nassau, seems to dream of bygone years when these pavements were trodden by the living Washington, whose statue yonder gazes placidly into the night.

The Stock Exchange over the way is no longer the genie that builds and destroys the dreams of men at a moment's notice. In the moonlight it has changed into a blinking old lady, quiet and satisfied in the pursuit of age. On another corner, sleeping like a dark cat with silver on its back, is that citadel, the House of Morgan.

Once these narrow streets were even narrower; they were blossom-bound by paths where quaint and simple folk strolled under shady trees. Perhaps from this same spot flower-garlanded lovers of that far-away time looked up at that same calm, eternal moon.

Old Trinity seems severely admonitory tonight; and the brown and weathered stones in the churchyard silently remind that in the midst of life one should think now and then of something beyond life to which we all must come.

Down the hill through the narrow funnel of Exchange Place one dips and, passing shrunken old structures and proud, tall new ones, comes into the sweep of South Street and the docks. Here is beauty unseen by day among the wharves that jut into the river's silver flood. A thousand fluttering ribbons of flowing water reflect the moon's brightness. Ships tug stealthily at their moorings and murmur among themselves, as if impatient to be away while the tide urges them seaward.

Facing the grayed wharves are little broken-down old houses where sailors once lodged between voyages. These ancient abodes breathe of the salt sea, of strange cargoes from fabled ports, and of things not so pleasant to fancy. Those shadowed doorways have hidden many a scoundrel making a getaway from the lanterns of the night watch.

The Battery by moonlight is not so inviting as by daylight. It seems to be masquerading, trying to be its original self—a bit of countryside. For the midnight prowler Battery Park is too free, too open. The futurist shadows of the towering buildings a few blocks to the north are more mysterious—and more sheltering.

Rotund and helpless looks the Aquarium; a sort of fat woman who, unable to move from the place where she was set down by one generation, remains to be forgotten by the next, yet resigned withal. The silver moon finds it impossible to cast even a semblance of grace over her.

Chafing against the seawall not far away a tugboat glitters in the night; its polished brass fittings wink like earthbound stars as it rides the harbor waves. It is a fireboat, patiently watching, always under steam and ready to slip away to rescue burning ships or to save endangered wharves.

The moon plays pranks with the Custom House and with the massive Cunard Building flanking Bowling Green. It turns them, with its wan light, into fairy castles, though one looks in vain at the many windows for a golden-haired fairy princess—or a dark-haired one, either. The only face in those mirroring panes is the jocular moon's.

But the moon is slowly paling; time flies fast in the land of dreams; the dawn will soon appear. With the coming daylight, reality sets in. Along Broadway there is a stir, and the monotone of civilized day begins. From the doorways of the great buildings on either side issue hordes of patient, worn creatures, filing out into the chill morning. For one who has been under the spell of the moon in lower New York it is a shock to see them. But they are essential. They are the cleaners, the sweepers, the scrubwomen. Who knows but that the beauty of the waning moon strikes some chord in the souls of these toilers?

The noise over there? Amid the flickering of artificial lights a night shift is at work, gnomelike, with pick and shovel, helping a new building to mushroom up toward the sky. No thought of beauty there. It is hurry, struggle, madness. • • •

Now the moon fades into transparency. By right it should not hover over the city. It is made for deep forests, that pale, uncertain, filmy circle.

Northward then goes the prowler. Some places are better dreamed about in the haze of moonlight than seen under the searching eye of a new sun.

THE LAND OF MELTING DOORKNOBS

(Continued from Page 7)

painting the blackest picture of political conditions in Delhi, involving battle, murder and sudden death.

At midnight, after three hours of each other's company, the train pulled into Delhi and we were mercifully released. We thanked our host for his hospitality, which elicited only a snort from him and the remark, "It has been interesting to meet you. You are the very first Americans I have ever known. I presume this is a typical American introduction."

They say Providence watches over certain classes of people, and undoubtedly we fell into one of those unflattering categories. We did not always depend wholly on Providence, however, but sometimes supplemented His protection with that of a native guard. In Muttra we found ourselves stranded in a dark bungalow where nobody could understand a word of English. It was a fearful night and there was no punkah in the bungalow. So we had our beds moved out into a near-by field and hired two stalwart Hindus to stand guard over us during the night to keep away snakes and thieves. It cost us only eight annas (16 cents) to purchase this protection, and we considered our lives worth the expense. Shortly after midnight an enormous figure, swathed in a salmon-colored silk robe and wearing an imposing salmon-colored turban on its head, appeared beside us. Bowing with great ceremony, it seated itself on a camp stool which one of the guards had placed between our beds. It then explained that it was the Pundit Ramaswami, who had heard of our arrival in Muttra and would be delighted to act as our official guide and brother during our stay there. We accepted, of course. What else could two lone girls do when wakened from sleep in the dead of night by a formidable salmon-clad pundit?

He soon lost interest in us, however, when he discovered after the first day that we had no money to spend on the archaeological curiosities he wished to sell us. After we had declined to carry home a three-ton statue he washed his hands of us altogether and turned us over to a fellow-colleague who spoke seven languages and twenty-seven dialects—not one of which coincided with the two languages we happened to understand.

The sightseeing trips on which he conducted us were the most hideous episodes in our entire journey through India, for they always lasted all day. There may be more awful torture than to ride in a temperature of 160 degrees in a dilapidated Indian gharry with iron wheels that scream over miles and miles of dust and gravel, but I have yet to experience it.

As we creaked along to view some old Hindu temple, a naked figure darted from the bushes at the roadside, jumped up on the step of the gharry and, dropping a note in my lap, disappeared again as quickly as it had come. The letter was unsigned. It simply read: "Beware of your guide. Buy nothing from him. Make him no promises. Give him nothing."

The following day, as we were driving to the train, another messenger appeared as mysteriously and thrust a letter into our hands. This one proved to be an invitation. Would the two young American ladies (mentioning us by name) condescend to dine that evening with the undersigned? The undersigned had an Anglo-Saxon name, but who he was or how he had learned of us we had no idea. Our curiosity remains unsatisfied to this day.

Our guide in Benares was a complete contrast to the other natives who escorted us on our sightseeing tours. He was a ferocious-looking man, who could not have flagged a train with the clothes he wore, but he spoke perfect English.

"You are a Hindu?" we inquired.

"No, madam."

"A Mohammedan, then?"

"No, madam."

"What, then?"

"A Methodist, madam."

"The missionaries converted you to Christianity, I suppose?"

"But, no, madam. I joined the Methodist Church when in Chicago. I attended the World's Fair there."

We asked him if he would procure an elephant for us to ride. We could not bear to leave India without even a glimpse at an elephant. He explained that the elephants had all gone to the jungle for the hot weather. They could not be expected to stand the heat.

An Indian elephant too sensitive to stand the heat in which two American girls were doing India might have seemed funny to us, but by that time we had lost our sense of humor along with our enthusiasm, appetite, disposition, complexion and about twenty pounds apiece. We felt old, withered, licked. In a Calcutta book store we noticed a book, "Mysterious India." The only mystery about this country, so far as we could see, was that any one ever lived to write about it.

"There is something mysterious, though," remarked my roommate, reflectively. "Do you realize that not once on our entire trip did any one collect our railroad tickets or even ask to see them? When you think how many times we changed trains, it's really strange they never stopped us."

The answer to that question was given by a man whom we met on board the little "Nam Sang" that carried us away from India.

"Of course they didn't ask to see your tickets," he explained. "When you bought them in Bombay word was sent along the line that two American girls would be coming along and to look out for them. There's one white man at every station, you know. Well, they couldn't very well miss you. And as they all knew you had your tickets why take the trouble to examine them?"

We stared at him incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that the Government kept track of our movements all the time?"

"Not only the Government, but a large part of the white population as well."

His statement was borne out a few moments later when a Britisher sauntered up to us on deck. "Glad to see you two girls," he remarked by way of introduction. "I heard you'd be on board. News travels fast in India—and without newspapers, too. Anything so unusual as for two girls to travel alone across the plains in the hot season would spread like wildfire. I heard about you from any number of different people—way up in the Darjeeling, for example, where you yourselves never went."

Weeks later, going by train from Kyoto to Tokio, an American came to us and held out his hand in a friendly way. "Well, well," he announced. "I've been wondering when I'd run into you two girls. Been keeping an eye out for you for months—ever since I first heard of you in Agra."

He sketched our itinerary through India. "Seems as though every Englishman I met out there told me I ought to be ashamed of myself to let two of my countrywomen roam at large, unprotected. But wherever I went you had always just been there ahead of me. They described you both pretty well. I'd have recognized you in a minute."

In my mind India is no longer a great nightmaric blur of hellish heat, suffocating white dust, emaciated naked bodies, sacred cows, mud huts, bullock carts, lizards, fakirs and lack of ice. As is always the case, the unpleasantness and physical discomfort we suffered are losing their poignancy, and in their place I remember only the exquisite beauty of the Taj Mahal by moonlight, the profoundly mysterious deserted cities, the unforgetable scenes along the banks of the Ganges, the picturesque temples and the brilliant color and Oriental clamor of the bazaars.

Last week at a Westchester country club a visiting Britisher stared at me and then asked curiously, "Didn't I see you and another girl in Lucknow during the hot weather last year?"

I found myself, saying to him later, "Indeed I do expect to go back some time. But preferably in the cold season—when the heat is not apt to be so trying, and the doorknobs are only mushy."

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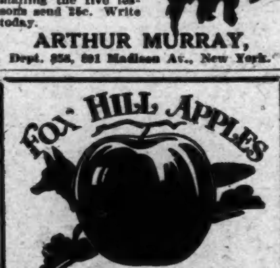

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SIXTEENTH CENTURY NEWSPAPERS

(Continued from Page 4)

makes Elizabeth appear like a "murderess."

"Public opinion" does not cut much of a figure in the Fugger-Zeitungen and is raredy cited. However, in a reference to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the Amsterdam correspondent says that the Dutch people believed Prince Wilhelm of Orange would suffer a violent death. And again in an account of the execution of Lord Essex we find the remark: "The common man in the street deeply deplores the death of this victim of Elizabeth."

News from America is restricted, of course, to the Spanish and Portuguese possessions, special attention being paid to Peru, which for seventy-five years was governed by the Fuggers rivals, another great Augsburg firm, "the Welsers," to whom Emperor Charles V. had pledged that country for a loan. One report, dated 1597, deplores the fact that "fifteen thousand Indian warriors have revolted against Governor Dom Pedro de Velasco, which is a very bad thing, not only for Spain, but also for the merchants of other nations, because it delays the shipment of gold and silver from that country." Another account, dated Lima, 1600, deals with an awful earthquake, which, according to this very detailed description, must have been worse than even that of San Francisco. It lasted many days and ended with the destruction of nearly all settlements and native towns.

One of several miracles reported by Fugger-Zeitungen occurred at the imperial palace in Prague, where Rudolf II. held court as German King and Roman Emperor: "The wild eagle that has its place near the fountain in the courtyard suddenly shook off its chain, arose on its wings and followed the Kaiser through the hall to his private rooms, where it suddenly changed into a white dove. The old inhabitants of Prague say that a white dove entered Kaiser Maximilian's room shortly before he died."

A Rome correspondent reports on the "plague of dolphins in the Mediterranean Sea, where they gather in incredible masses and have become a serious menace to navigation. The Pope has decided to anathematize the beasts, hoping to defeat them with the aid of God."

Of humor very little can be discovered in Fugger-Zeitungen. There is a description of a passion play from Sevilla, however, that is certainly rather funny. A debtor who had succeeded in finding a sanctuary from his creditors in the Church of St. Ginar, was persuaded to act the part of Jesus Christ in a passion play because he had a face like the Saviour. He was told he would be carried in the procession upon a wagon that was the property, and therefore part, of the church and that he could not be arrested on that wagon. But the iniquitous creditors bribed a man acting the part of Judas, who was to kiss Jesus, to push him off the wagon, whereupon the impersonator of Jesus was to be arrested by the officer.

Judas carried out his part of the program and the Sheriff made his arrest, but the Peter of the play, who awoke from his shammed slumber, hit the officer on the head with his sword, whereupon all persons concerned were taken before the Alcalde. That worthy dignitary decided that Judas should only have kissed the actor of the Jesus part and not pushed him off the wagon, and that, therefore, he must have healed his wound at his own expense. Furthermore, that Peter was to be commended for his vigorous protection of the Lord and that the creditor must put up with the loss of his money, because it was a sin to ask return from the Lord of money which He had borrowed in the guise of the poor debtor. Such was medieval logic.

There is the report of an order prohibiting dancing in Augsburg, dated 1592, that sounds like so many Berlin police orders, issued within the last few years, which have created so little impression upon certain depraved elements of Kurfürstendamm, the tenderloin of the German capital. It runs:

"The fatal and serious times we are passing through, plague, wars, widely spread discontent and suspicion and general perversion of people and country, as well as the shedding of so much blood, prove that our prayers are insufficient and that the devil reigns supreme. Therefore one should abstain from all wordly enjoyment. We desire you to post our command at every church door threatening punishment to anybody entertaining himself or others by dancing, singing, piping, masquerading and flirting in the streets. At marriages, moderate music of string instruments may be allowed. Any one ignoring this order shall be severely punished."

BOBBIES OF LONDON TOWN

(Continued from Page 5)

Criminal Investigation Department in London is already known. Several tons of detective stories have already told us far more about the C. I. D. than the C. I. D. knows about itself.

There remains a small river force to be mentioned. You are not eligible to thump the pavement as a London bobby unless you are at least 5 feet 9 inches in height, but you are eligible for the river force if you are 5 feet 8 inches and a sailor. River thieves are a race apart from land thieves. They are sailors first and thieves afterward, and river police as a rule are sailors first and police afterward. The first essential of the successful river thief is a knowledge of the river's tides and currents and of every inch of its shore mud, and a similar knowledge is the first essential of the successful river policeman. London's river police have forty miles of river on which to preserve the King's peace and regulate the traffic in accordance with the rules of the Thames Conservancy Board and the Watermen's act. At their up-river Waterloo station much of their work is with suicides from the London bridges. At their down-river Blackwell station river thieves along the docks keep them busy. Here also seamen in irons for crimes at sea are fetched from the brigs of incoming British merchantmen and held to await trial.

Beginning with the October issue The International Journal of Ethics, under the editorship of Professor James Hayden Tufts, head of the Department of Philosophy and Dean of the Faculties at the University of Chicago, will be published by the University of Chicago Press. The editorial committee of the Journal includes Felix Adler of New York, Stanton Coit of London, John Dewey of New York, Harold Hoffding of Copenhagen, J. H. Muirhead of Birmingham, Roscoe Pound of Cambridge, Mass., and John H. Wigmore of Chicago.

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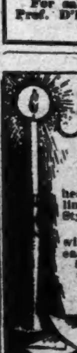

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And This Is What They Did!

Aurora stands 17 inches high, with shade 11½ inches in diameter. Base and cap cast in solid Medallium and shaft of seamless brass, finished in antique gold bronze with adjustable parchment shade in tones of rich brown and gold over ivory; inside of shade old rose to give mellow light.

Equipped with push-button socket, 2-piece plug, six feet of cord. A masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect. Not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference could be made in the dimension of any moulding without hurt.

AURORA $3.95

WEARIED with the everlasting procession of "popular sellers," as the lamp salesmen call them—lamps designed in the drafting departments of large factories with no other idea than to make enough different styles to "fill out a line"—nearly always poorly proportioned, and often with colors so predominating that all the other furnishings of a room are thrown out of harmony by them—out of patience with all this, the Decorative Arts League persuaded a group of three talented artists to lay aside their other work for a time and try what could be done in designing a lamp that would be useful and at the same time a work of real art.

One was a famous architect, John Muller, versed in the practical requirements and limitations of interior decorating; one a painter and genius in color effects, Andrew Popoff; and one, Olga Popoff-Muller, a brilliant sculptress of international reputation.

They started out one Saturday to make a day's light work of it, but ended by spending more than two full weeks before they had what they wanted. For the task proved not so easy, and the more perplexing it became, the more these three put their hearts into it.

It was no trick at all to make a design that was beautiful—but the first beautiful designs did not work out as practicable, useful lamps.

When a design both beautiful and practicable was created it was found to fit in harmoniously with only a certain style of room furnishings—and one of the League's aims was to have a lamp that would harmonize with all styles.

So drawing after drawing and model after model of each different part was made, studied, criticised and done over again; one style of ornamentation after another was tried, modified and abandoned. Complete lamps, equipped even to cord and electric bulb, were made after the different variations, in design, and set lighted in typical home surroundings, to be studied.

At last, one day a model embodying the latest variations was completed and lighted. There was no studying, no pause—each of the three knew instantly that at last their ambition had borne fruit. Its perfectness could be felt.

Every dimension, every contour, every line, every value, at last harmonised in one perfect whole. The slender shaft, after having been changed a score of times, sometimes less than the sixty-fourth of an inch, now at last seemed to have *grown* out of the base instead of having been put there, and the shade to have opened out of the shaft some dewy summer morning, like a bit of luxuriant foliage on a slender stalk.

And that is Aurora.

Why Only $3.95

In the exclusive shops along Fifth Avenue in New York, or Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, lamps nearly as artistic as Aurora may often be found—but priced at $10, $15, $20, according to the policy of the shop or whim of the artist-designer. In ordinary stores lamps may be found as low in price as Aurora—but their designs will be seen to have been "turned out" at wholesale instead of having been individually created by an artist.

The League Idea

The Decorative Arts League is able to offer its members, and a few times a year to new friends through public advertising, the finest of art at the lowest of prices because of its simpler, less extravagant methods.

With a corresponding membership embracing a few discriminating lovers of beautiful things in each community it can learn quickly how many of a given article will certainly be taken. Compensation for the artists who create the designs and the craftsmen who execute them, and the League's cost of handling, is then divided among that number of sales to determine the original selling price to members. Sometimes this price proves, in actual practice, to have been too low, and then the offer is withdrawn. But if satisfactory, it is extended for a time to outsiders, to bring more discerning buyers into acquaintanceship with the League and its methods.

Strictly on Approval

But always the League's offerings are strictly subject to the buyer's satisfaction. Any article ordered, if not perfectly in accord with the buyer's individual taste when received, may be returned and all money will be refunded. So it is with Aurora. You pay the postman upon its receipt $3.95 plus the postage, but the full amount will be refunded if in five days you are not satisfied.

Sign and mail the coupon and let this be a demonstration of all that the League and its methods may be made to mean to you. Perhaps you may never get another opportunity to accept this offer, so act now.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE Gallery at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and it is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration and use.

You may send me, at the members' special price, an Aurora Lamp, and I will pay postman $3.95 plus postage when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full. TM 4

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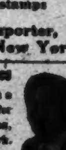

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